



## The Lady of Mercia by Paul Magrs

**THE DOCTOR: PETER DAVISON**

Time traveller.

**NYSSA: SARAH SUTTON**

Time traveller's companion.

**TEGAN: JANET FIELDING**

Time traveller's companion.

**TURLOUGH: MARK STRICKSON**

Time traveller's companion.

**PROFESSOR JOHN BLEAK:**

Late 40s, R.P. – ambitious, slightly selfish historian.

**DR PHILIPPA STONE:**

Late 30s, R.P – brilliant, obsessed, attractive physicist.

**QUEEN ETHELFRID:** (also **DR ANGELINE DUCHAMP**)

Early 50s, Lancashire accent – fearsome but troubled warrior queen./Early 590s, Parisian academic – lightly mocking tone.

**PRINCESS ELFWYN:** (also **MOLLY WRIGHT**)

30s, Lancastrian – determined to be a warrior./Departmental secretary, very capable, secretly in love with Bleak.

**ARTHUR KETTILSON:** (also **BARRY**)

20s, Geordie – butch but playful Viking leader./20s – rabble-rousing student politico, in love with Philippa.

**EARL OF WESSEX:** (also **PROFESSOR FESTER**)

40s, extremely posh, intends to be king at all costs; puts on poor plebian accent when pretending to be his own Envoy./40ish snooty male academic, politely amused by everything.

**PLUS: STUDENT PROTESTORS; DANES; BYSTANDERS IN YORK.**

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**PART ONE**

(MUSIC: OPENING THEME)

**1. INT. UNIVERSITY PHYSICS LAB**

FX: A STUDENT PROTEST IS GOING ON OUTSIDE, CONTINUING SPORADICALLY THROUGHOUT.

**STUDENT PROTESTORS** (led by **BARRY**):

Down, down, down, down – down with the Laws of Physics!  
Two, four, six, eight – we can't afford to cogitate!  
Don't dehumanize the humanities!

FX: CROSS TO CLICKING, BUZZING, HUMMING SOUNDS OF PHYSICS DEPARTMENT LAB. MORE OUTLANDISH NOISES (RINGING AND BUZZING TONES, PERHAPS) EMANATE FROM A RUDIMENTARY TIME MACHINE.

**STONE:**

I do wish that rabble outside would put a sock in it. I've hardly been able to concentrate all day because of their racket.

**BLEAK:**

I suppose they've got a right to protest.

**STONE:**

Not right outside the physics department. If they've got a problem they should take it to University House, tell the Vice Chancellor...

**BLEAK:**

They've occupied University House already. You're out of touch, my sweet.

**STONE:**

I've been busy, 'my love'. (BEAT) You see... I've made a breakthrough, John. I think I'm almost there.

**BLEAK:**

Really?

**STONE:**

I think I'm close to a trial run.

**BLEAK:**

You wouldn't just be saying that as an excuse, would you, Philippa?

**STONE:**

Of course not! An excuse for what?

**BLEAK:**

For not coming along. Tonight. To the dinner?

**STONE:**

Oh, that. I'm sorry, John. I can't. I just can't. This is a vital moment...

**BLEAK:**

So is this dinner. It's a big deal for me, Philippa.

**STONE:**

It's just a conference dinner.

**BLEAK:**

People are coming from all over the world for this conference. My conference. My big important conference that'll put the History Department of the University of Frodsham on the global academic map.

**STONE:**

Yes, well. I still can't make it.

**BLEAK:**

So I'm to attend the dinner and the opening ceremonies and the drinks by the campus duck pond alone, am I? What are they all going to think?

**STONE:**

That your wife has a career of her own, perhaps?

**BLEAK:**

It would be nice to have you there, that's all. Showing your support.

**STONE:**

You don't need me, John. You'll have those fusty old historians eating out of your hand. They love you.

**BLEAK:**

Do you really think so?

**STONE:**

You'll wow them. Now go on. Get out of my lab. Maybe I'll pop over for a drink at the duck pond, after you've all fed your faces. All right?

**BLEAK:**

I suppose that will have to do.

**FX:** RISING NOISE FROM STUDENT PROTESTERS.

**STONE:**

That lot are getting even rowdier.

**BLEAK:**

Yes, I hardly fancy my chances, making it safely across to the conference centre... (EXITS)

CROSS TO:

**2. EXT. CAMPUS — PHYSICS DEPT**

FX: CONTINUING CHANTS BREAK UP AS BLEAK OPENS DOORS OF BUILDING AND TRIES TO SLIP AWAY.

**STUDENT PROTESTORS:**

(JEERING) Oi! There's old Bleak!  
He's on the Funding Committee!

**BARRY:**

One of the money men! Grab him!

**BLEAK:**

(JOSTLED) Do you mind letting me pass?

**BARRY:**

Well, well. Professor John Bleak, isn't it?

**BLEAK:**

Call off your dogs, Barry.

**BARRY:**

Which class of yours did I take, Professor Bleak?

**BLEAK:**

I beg your pardon?

**BARRY:**

'Revolutions and Reactionaries', wasn't it? Well, now you can see what I learned.

**BLEAK:**

You've certainly got them all riled up.

**BARRY:**

Because of your iniquitous allocation of funding. They're closing down Philosophy because of you lot on the Committee.

**BLEAK:**

I'm not discussing university policy with a bunch of layabouts! Let me through at once. I have a conference to organise.

**BARRY:**

You've given all the money to Physics and Chemistry. What about the Humanities, Professor?

**BLEAK:**

I am a *part* of the Humanities, you stupid boy! I am a Professor of History! I am on your side!

**BARRY:**

You're not on my side, you old goat.

**BLEAK:**

How dare you! You're making this personal.

**BARRY:**

(TO OTHERS) All right – let him through. Let him get to his conference...

**BLEAK:**

Thank you.

FX: GRUMBLING AND FURTHER JEERS AS BLEAK'S FOOTSTEPS CARRY HIM AWAY.

**BARRY:**

(TO SELF) Off you go, Professor. Go and wallow in your ancient history. That way, maybe you'll not even notice what's going on right under your nose...

CROSS TO:

**3: EXT. CAMPUS — SQUARE**

FX: PROTESTORS' CHANTING RESUMES FROM SOME DISTANCE AWAY, AS TARDIS MATERIALISES ON CONCRETE FLAGSTONES. DOORS OPEN AND ITS CREW EMERGE.

**DOCTOR:**

England, 1983. Time to stretch our legs, I think.

**TEGAN:**

Good. Feels like we've been cooped up in there for ages.

**NYSSA:**

Where are we, exactly?

**TURLOUGH:**

There's a sign. 'The University of Frodsham.'

FX: DOCTOR CLOSES TARDIS DOOR.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah, yes. One of the most august seats of learning in the North.

**TURLOUGH:**

Not exactly Oxbridge, though, is it?

**TEGAN:**

You're such a snob, Turlough.

**TURLOUGH:**

Well, just look at it! It's all concrete and glass...

**NYSSA:**

What's the conurbation over there?

**DOCTOR:**

Down the hill? That's Merseyside, Nyssa. What a view.

**TEGAN:**

Yes, a lovely industrial wilderness! Terrific.

**TURLOUGH:**

(HEARING PROTESTORS OFF) Is there a riot going on?

**DOCTOR:**

Probably just students protesting about... something or other.

**NYSSA:**

You've brought us here for a reason, haven't you, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Well, as a matter of fact – there is something I need to check, while we're here...

FX: PRODUCES A SMALL HANDHELD TIME TRACER, AND ACTIVATES IT – BLEEPING THROUGH:

**TEGAN:**

Oh, and out he comes with a thingumajig!

**TURLOUGH:**

What's that for?

**NYSSA:**

Are you scanning for something?

**DOCTOR:**

Let's try – this way, I think.

FX: ALL WALK OFF.



**4. INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE – FOYER**

FX: MUZAK PLAYING. GLASS DOORS SWOOSH OPEN AND BLEAK HURRIES INDOORS, HUFFING AND PUFFING CROSSLY. DOORS SWOOSH SHUT BEHIND.

**MOLLY:**

(COMING OVER) John! Whatever's the matter? You look all discombobulated.

**BLEAK:**

It's those blasted protestors, Molly. Spouting off about issues they don't even understand. Funding allocation is a highly complicated process! Don't they even realise [that]

**MOLLY:**

Never mind all that now. We've enough problems of our own.

**BLEAK:**

What's the matter? What's gone wrong?

**MOLLY:**

Nothing, except the rest of the conference packs and badges won't be back from the printers until tomorrow morning –

**BLEAK:**

What?!

**MOLLY:**

... and the overhead projection unit has overheated, again; oh, and some of the rooms in the guest suite have been double-booked; yes, and all the trains from Manchester are delayed tonight. But apart from that...

**BLEAK:**

It's a disaster...!

**MOLLY:**

No, it isn't. And you must get a grip on yourself. If you don't look calm, everyone else will start panicking..

**BLEAK:**

But don't you see? This has to be a success. This is my final chance at securing the future of the history department. You know they want to close us down...

**MOLLY:**

Sssh. I won't hear defeatist talk. This conference will be a brilliant success. So – pull yourself together.

**BLEAK:**

I will. I will, Molly. You're very good.

**MOLLY:**

Nonsense. I'm the Dean's secretary. I'm simply doing my job.

**BLEAK:**

Where would I be without you?

**MOLLY:**

Now, come on. We've must get ready to welcome our delegates.  
How was your wife... (ARCH) ... by the way?

**BLEAK:**

Busy. Too busy to come to dinner.

**MOLLY:**

We might need to fill a few seats at the meal tonight. (WALKING OFF) I'll look at the seating plan and shuffle folk around.

**5: EXT. CAMPUS — BY CONFERENCE CENTRE**

FX: FADE UP. DOCTOR WALKING AHEAD WITH BLEEPING TRACER, COMPANIONS FOLLOWING.

**NYSSA:**

What a curious environment to study in. Rather unwelcoming, really.

**TEGAN:**

Oh, I don't know. I was at college for a bit. It wasn't unlike this.

**TURLOUGH:**

You went to college? I thought you were an air hostess.

**TEGAN:**

I still had to learn stuff!

**MOLLY:**

(OFF, AT CONF CENTRE DOORS) Hello, there! Can I help you?

**DOCTOR:**

(CALLING OVER) Quite alright, thank you!

FX: MOLLY WALKS QUICKLY TOWARDS THEM THROUGH:

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, she's coming over.

**TEGAN:**

So you'd better switch off that whatsit of yours.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, thank you, Tegan.

FX: DOCTOR SWITCHES OFF TIME TRACER.

**MOLLY:**

You're not students. Are you?

**TURLOUGH:**

Certainly not.

**DOCTOR:**

Only in the sense that one never stops learning. Hello, I'm the Doctor. And you are?

**MOLLY:**

Molly Wright. Dean's secretary, School of History. Sorry, but I thought you looked lost.

**TEGAN:**

Funny, that.

**MOLLY:**

You're here for the conference, of course.

**NYSSA:**

Conference?

**MOLLY:**

'The Heirs of Ethelfrid: Perspectives on the Queens of the Dark Ages'?

**TEGAN:**

Snappy title.

**MOLLY:**

I'm one of the organizers. I'm afraid we've been having some problems with guest arrivals and room bookings and so on. And I've lost the party from the University of Wollongong.

**DOCTOR:**

Wollongong!

**TEGAN:**

Don't get excited, it's a dump.

**MOLLY:**

Ah, so that's you!

**DOCTOR:**

(IMPROVISING) This is, ah, Dr Tegan Jovanka. World expert in Queens of the Middle Ages.

**TURLOUGH:**

Really?

**NYSSA:**

Sssh, Turlough.

**MOLLY:**

(FX: FLICKING OVER PAPERS ON CLIPBOARD) Dr Jovanka? That's not the name I've got down here...

**DOCTOR:**

Last-minute replacement. But Dr Jovanka's work in the area really is second to none.

**MOLLY:**

Oh! Well, in that case – you'd best follow me.

FX: ALL HEAD OFF INTO BUILDING.

**6: INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE – FOYER**

FX: DOORS OPEN, DOCTOR & CO ENTERING. MUZAK PLAYING – BUZZ OF CONVERSATION FROM DELEGATES.

**FESTER:**

(OFF) Yes, in fact I've got a paper coming out addressing that exact quandary next year...

**DUCHAMP:**

(OFF) This is a very charming atrium, is it not, Professor Fester?

**FESTER:**

(OFF) Oh indeed. Of course, they've put all their cash into the infrastructure. It's all show, you know.

**TURLOUGH:**

(STOPPING) Exciting-looking bunch in here.

**TEGAN:**

What are you up to, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

I've got a feeling, that's all. And it's a conference. You always learn interesting things at conferences. That's what they're for.

**NYSSA:**

But you've got Tegan pretending to be someone she isn't...

**TURLOUGH:**

Oh, she'll love the attention, you'll see.

**MOLLY:**

(COMING UP) Here is your conference pack, Dr Jovanka, including vouchers for the conference dinner this evening. Will your colleagues all be attending, too?

**TEGAN:**

(TAKING PACK) Uh... yes. Sure. They're sticking with me.

**MOLLY:**

Right. If you're replacing Professor Stimpson from Wollongong, then you'll be giving your paper at 9.15 tomorrow morning in the Mother Theresa suite upstairs.

**TEGAN:**

Well, I'll look forward to that, thanks.

**TURLOUGH:**

We all will.

**MOLLY:**

My pleasure. Now, I must pop off and attend to the other delegates. There is a free welcoming schooner of sherry in the main atrium, and there you may mingle with your fellow experts.

**TURLOUGH:**

Hear that, Tegan? Free sherry.

**MOLLY:**

(MOVING AWAY) Cheerio!

**TEGAN:**

Doctor, I'm going to murder you.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, we're here now, so let's go and mingle. I'm rather fascinated by all of this.

**TURLOUGH:**

What? By a bunch of dowdy old duffers in tweed and polyester standing around gossiping?

**NYSSA:**

It's a gathering of intellectuals, investigating their ancient past – that's right, isn't it, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

Specifically, investigating Ethelfrid of Mercia. There's a poster of her, look.

**NYSSA:**

She appears to have been quite formidable.

**TEGAN:**

Who the heck was she?

**DOCTOR:**

One of the great lost queens of the Dark Ages. The daughter of Alfred the Great.

**TEGAN:**

... who burnt the cakes!

**DOCTOR:**

Exactly. Might I have a look at that conference pack?

**TEGAN:**

(HANDING IT OVER) Here, I don't want it. C'mon, Turlough, let's get some drinks. (THEY WALK OFF)

FX: DOCTOR RUMMAGING IN HER FOLDER OF PAPERS.

**DOCTOR:**

(OBLIVIOUS) It's really quite fascinating, you know. And local, too. This whole part of the country was Mercia, [back in the..]

**NYSSA:**

I'm listening, Doctor. Even if the others aren't.

**DOCTOR:**

(OBLIVIOUS) Mm?

**NYSSA:**

They've gone, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

(HURT REALISATION) Oh.

CROSS TO:

**7. INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE – ATRIUM**

FX: BACKGROUND, ECHOING BUZZ OF CONVERSATION

**TEGAN:**

(WALKING) I don't even like sherry. Oh, this is a nightmare. What's he playing at?

**TURLOUGH:**

(PULLING HER OVER) Tegan, look at this.

**TEGAN:**

Some old sword in a case.

**TURLOUGH:**

It's gold, I think. (TOUCHING CASE) It must be worth something.

**TEGAN:**

Turlough!

**BLEAK:**

(BUTTING IN) I wouldn't touch that if I were you. The case is alarmed.

**TURLOUGH:**

(SHIFTING BACK SHARPLY) Is it?

**TEGAN:**

My, er, colleague was just admiring the sword. Weren't you, Turlough?

**BLEAK:**

The University of Manchester have been kind enough to let us borrow it for the duration of our conference. It is a great honour.

**TEGAN:**

It's very beautiful.

**BLEAK:**

As far as we can determine, this is the very sword that the Queen of Mercia wielded against her enemies.

**TURLOUGH:**

Wielded? You mean, personally?

**BLEAK:**

Naturally. Ethelfrid was a warrior queen. She fought off the Danes to the north, and also the southerners from Wessex. She was a fearsome woman.



**TURLOUGH:**

Speaking of which – this is Dr Tegan Jovanka.

**TEGAN:**

All the way from Wollongong.

**BLEAK:**

Really? Professor John Bleak. Your host at this conference.

**TEGAN:**

Pleased to meet you.

**TURLOUGH:**

Of course, Dr Jovanka already knew all that stuff about the Queen of Mercia fighting her enemies with a sword. She's an expert, you know.

**BLEAK:**

Yes, well – it's, er, time I gave my welcoming talk. (MOVING OFF) So if you'll excuse me...?

**TEGAN:**

Turlough, you utter –

FX: INTO TEGAN'S MIND. QUICKLY FADE UP SOUNDS OF SWORDS CLASHING; CRIES AND SCREAMS – A DARK AGES BATTLEFIELD.

**TURLOUGH:**

Tegan? Tegan! What's the matter with you?

FX: BATTLE NOISE CUTS OUT ABRUPTLY.

**TEGAN:**

Ohh...!

**TURLOUGH:**

What's wrong?

**TEGAN:**

I dunno! I was staring at the sword... at the jewel in the pommel... and I heard this noise...

**TURLOUGH:**

Probably just your stomach rumbling, I know I'm starving. Come on. Let's grab some of those canapés they've got going round.

AS THEY WALK OFF, FADE TO:

**8: INT. CONFERENCE CENTRE – ATRIUM (A FEW MOMENTS LATER)**

FX: CHATTY BUZZ OF THE DELEGATES – BLEAK BLOWING ON MIC – MOLLY CLAPPING HER HANDS FOR QUIET.

**MOLLY:**

Quiet, please! Professor Bleak would like to say a few words!

FX: POLITE APPLAUSE – SOME LIGHT-HEARTED CHEERS

**BLEAK:**

(INTO MIC) Good evening, friends and fellow scholars. I am delighted to see you all here, assembled at the University of Frodsham – at one of the very sites where the Lady of Mercia actually lived, some ten centuries ago. [From the hill on which this campus stands, you can see the selfsame wild Northern landscape that our revered Queen Ethelfrid once ruled with a staff of iron and a sword of gold.]

CROSS TO:

**NYSSA:**

(SOTTO, AS TEGAN APPROACHES) There you are!

**TEGAN:**

(SOTTO) We've just met that Bleak bloke.

**TURLOUGH:**

(SOTTO) Goes on a bit, doesn't he?

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) Quiet, Turlough. This is interesting stuff.

CROSS BACK TO:

**BLEAK:**

This weekend we are convened in order to air our findings and theories about this most mysterious of monarchs. We have in our midst academics who have come from as far afield as Australia to be with us...

CROSS TO:

**TURLOUGH:**

(SOTTO) That's you he's talking about.

**TEGAN:**

(SOTTO) If only he knew from just how far afield we've come.

CROSS BACK TO:

**BLEAK:**

[And perhaps, through our combined efforts,] in listening and debating and sharing our knowledge, we will inch a little closer to solving some of the mysteries about Queen Ethelfrid. We know that she ruled the kingdom of Mercia, stretching from North Wales to the coast of Yorkshire; and also that, by bringing about the union of several unruly northern regions, she was, arguably, the founder of England as we now know it. But we know next to nothing about how she was deposed, or what happened to her descendants. Hopefully our work here this weekend will go some way to rediscovering the truth. May we all raise our glasses to... the Lady of Mercia!

**ACADEMICS:**

(MUMBLED TOASTING) The Lady of Mercia!

FX: MULTIPLE CHINKING GLASSES. CROSS TO:

**TURLOUGH:**

Well, if I had a glass I'd raise it...

**DOCTOR:**

Well, Tegan? Aren't you impressed? The Lady of Mercia. She united the whole of northern England against its attackers.

**TEGAN:**

Yeah, great. So Bleak said.

**NYSSA:**

I don't think Tegan's all that interested in her forebears.

**DOCTOR:**

She sounds like something of a feminist role model to me.

**TURLOUGH:**

Tegan had a dizzy spell, looking at the sword.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh? Are you all right?

**TEGAN:**

I'm fine. It's just for a moment, I really thought I could hear the noise of... I dunno, a battle.

**NYSSA:**

Maybe it was the students outside?

FX: CROSS TO MOLLY CLAPPING HANDS.

**MOLLY:**

This way, ladies and gentlemen. Dinner is served!

**8. EXT. CAMPUS — OUTSIDE PHYSICS BUILDING**

**BARRY:**

(TO PROTESTORS) All right, guys. This is going to be uncomfortable, lying on concrete. But we're doing the right thing! Petitions and daytime protests are all very well – but we're not gonna quietly go home! We're staying here all night!

**STUDENT PROTESTORS**

(RAGGED, SLEEPY, HALF-HEARTED CHEER)

**BARRY:**

We're all in this together, right? Come on, let's get our sleeping bags out.

**9: INT. DINING ROOM**

FX: CHAIRS BEING SHUNTED ABOUT – CHATTER – TINKLING OF CUTLERY.

**BLEAK:**

(SEATING HIMSELF) Good evening, everyone.

**DOCTOR:**

Congratulations on your speech, Professor. Most illuminating.

**BLEAK:**

Was it? I was rather distracted, I'm afraid.

**NYSSA:**

Well, we all found it very interesting.

**BLEAK:**

Charming of you to say so, my dear.

**MOLLY:**

(COMING OVER) There you are, Professor. (ASIDE) You see, John? It's all going swimmingly now.

**BLEAK:**

(ASIDE) I just hope there'll be no more glitches. And I wish Philippa was here. She missed my speech and everything.

**MOLLY:**

(ASIDE) I don't understand – why are you so wound up?

**BLEAK:**

(ASIDE) I'm not... it's just...

**MOLLY:**

(ASIDE) Have a drink. You were wonderful up there. Inspiring. Queen Ethelfrid herself would be proud.

**BLEAK:**

(ASIDE) There's a lot at stake.

**MOLLY:**

(ASIDE) I know.

**BLEAK:**

(ASIDE) You don't know how much. (GETTING UP AND LEAVING) Excuse me a moment, Molly dear. And please – best you lay off the sherry, don't you think?

CROSS TO:

**DUCHAMP:**

And you are?

**DOCTOR:**

Er, I'm the Doctor. And you must be Dr Angeline Duchamp!

**DUCHAMP:**

You recognize me-?

**DOCTOR:**

No, I read your name badge. But I'm an avid follower of your work.

**DUCHAMP:**

Merveilleux, Doctor. I am intensely flattered.

**TURLOUGH:**

(ASIDE, TO NYSSA) Look how he does it. He charms his way in so easily, every time.

**NYSSA:**

You could try it, Turlough.

**TURLOUGH:**

I am charming! I'm extremely charming.

**NYSSA:**

What will they do if they find out we're imposters?

**TURLOUGH:**

They can be pretty brutal, academics, I hear.

**NYSSA:**

Where's Tegan got to? She's been gone a long time.

**TURLOUGH:**

I was just thinking that. I'll go and have a look around... (GETS UP AND LEAVES)

**BACK TO:**

**DUCHAMP:**

Tell me, Doctor – where are you based? Where do you carry out your research?

**DOCTOR:**

Hm? Oh, in the field, mostly. You know. Getting my hands dirty.

**DUCHAMP:**

Really? But they look so clean.

**10: INT. ATRIUM**

FX: EARNEST EATING CONVERSATION FROM THE OTHER ROOM. TURLOUGH STEPS OUT — AND IS GRABBED BY TEGAN.

**TURLOUGH:**

(PULLED ASIDE) Tegan! What are you doing, lurking behind the displays?

**TEGAN:**

(HISSED) Me lurking! I just stepped out to go to the loo. Now ssh!

**TURLOUGH:**

(HISSED) You were going back for another look at that sword, weren't you?

**TEGAN:**

(HISSED) Actually, I wasn't. But look... someone is...!

FX: BLEEPING OFF AS BLEAK DISABLES ALARM AND SLIDES OPEN GLASS PANEL ON DISPLAY CASE.

**TURLOUGH:**

(HISSED) The Professor!

**TEGAN:**

(HISSED) I was just coming out of the Ladies — and there he was, disabling the alarm.

**TURLOUGH:**

(HISSED) Why's he got the sword out?

**BLEAK:**

(OFF, HOLDING SWORD, MURMURING) Beautiful. Beautiful...

**TEGAN:**

Isn't it obvious?

**TURLOUGH:**

He can't rob himself, can he?

**TEGAN:**

He said it was on loan from a museum.

FX: BLEAK TAKES SWORD AND SCURRIES OFF.

**TEGAN:**

And there he goes! See — he's wilfed it, Turlough.

**TURLOUGH:**

I don't believe it...

FX: DOORS OUT OF BUILDING OPEN AND CLOSE.

**TEGAN:**

He's heading out! I'm going after him.

**TURLOUGH:**

Tegan, leave it alone! This is none of our business.

**TEGAN:**

Yeah, well, I'm making it mine. Go back to the others if you don't like it. (EXITS)

**TURLOUGH:**

Tegan. Tegan!

FX: DOORS. SHE'S GONE.



**11: INT. DINING ROOM**

FX: THE DINNER GOES ON.

**DUCHAMP:**

And these young people – they are your research assistants, Doctor? Your P.H.D. supervisees, perhaps?

**DOCTOR:**

Something like that, yes.

**DUCHAMP:**

They are very fortunate to work with you. But you must have been so young when you began your researches. A prodigy, in fact!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, um –

**DUCHAMP:**

(SEEING TURLOUGH APPROACH) Ah, and here comes another one.

**NYSSA:**

Turlough! Where've you been?

**TURLOUGH:**

(SITTING DOWN) Oh, nowhere, really. What's that you were saying about me, Dr Duchamp?

**12: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: TIME MACHINE NOISES AND LABORATORY ATMOSPHERE AS BEFORE – BUT WITH MORE URGENCY. DOOR FLIES OPEN AND BLEAK HURRIES IN WITH STOLEN SWORD.

**BLEAK:**

Philippa, look! Look what I've brought you!

**STONE:**

John? What on Earth –

**BLEAK:**

Look, it's the real thing. The actual sword of Queen Ethelfrid...!

**STONE:**

Careful...! You'll have someone's eye out.

**BLEAK:**

How's that for a test subject, for your first trial run?

**STONE:**

You're not serious.

**BLEAK:**

Deadly serious, my love. Are you?

**STONE:**

What do you mean?

**BLEAK:**

If your work is so vital – prove it to me. Here, tonight, in this laboratory!

**STONE:**

I think the only person trying to prove a point here is you.

**BLEAK:**

Think about it, Philippa! If your device does all that you think it will – well, we'll have founded a whole new discipline, won't we? A perfect union between history and science! Much like our own, hm?

**STONE:**

Oh, for goodness' sake. Did no-one see you take it?

**BLEAK:**

Dinner was on. You know what academics are like when there's a free feed. Please, Philippa. We have to do this, while we've got the chance.

**STONE:**

I have to admit... its size and antiquity makes it an ideal test subject.

**BLEAK:**

I knew you wouldn't be able to resist. Where do you want me to stick it? On top of the machine?

**STONE:**

Into the hole on the side. There are brackets to hold it in place.

FX: AS BLEAK STICKS THE SWORD IN, STONE BEGINS PROGRAMMING A CONTROL PANEL.

**BLEAK:**

There. What now?

FX: MACHINE ACTIVATING.

**STONE:**

Now, the machine scans the object.

**BLEAK:**

You're sure it won't damage the sword?

**STONE:**

Al it's doing is examining the fabric of the thing. Probing the history of the metal itself.

**BLEAK:**

Incredible...

**STONE:**

It's tracing it back into the past.

**BLEAK:**

It's amazing. And so are you.

**STONE:**

Don't be too quick to congratulate me. The machine hasn't done anything yet. This whole thing could be an expensive failure.

**BLEAK:**

You won't fail. I know it. Just think, Philippa... living history!

FX: MACHINE NOISE GOES UP A NOTCH.

**STONE:**

We'll see. (SEEING TEGAN AT DOOR) – Hold on, did you leave the lab door open?

**BLEAK:**

Of course not.

**STONE:**

Well, then – how did *she* get in here?

FX: TEGAN STEPS IN, SIGHING.

**TEGAN:**

Rabbits!

**BLEAK:**

Dr Jovanka?!

**STONE:**

Who?

**BLEAK:**

She's from Wollongong.

**STONE:**

What's she doing here?

**TEGAN:**

I was following him, if you must know. I was at his conference, and I saw him stealing the sword and... Hang about, what's that machine you've jammed it into?

**BLEAK:**

A vital part of my wife's scientific research. The product of years of work by one of the most brilliant minds on campus.

**TEGAN:**

Oh yeah? And what's it meant to do?

FX: THE TIME MACHINE NOISES GROW EVEN LOUDER AND MORE AGITATED, AS IF IT IS RARING TO GO.

**STONE:**

(PRESSING BUTTONS) Erm... John. I can't... I can't seem to... switch it off.

**BLEAK:**

My wife has made an astounding breakthrough, Dr Jovanka.

**TEGAN:**

She has?

**BLEAK:**

We are unbelievably honoured to bear witness to this.

**STONE:**

(PANICKING) It's going haywire, John. I don't know what to do!

**BLEAK:**

Can't you just switch it off?

**STONE:**

That's what I'm telling you! I can't...!

**TEGAN:**

Get that sword out of there! It's priceless, right?

FX: WHILE STONE GRAPPLES WITH SWITCHES AND LEVERS, BLEAK PULLS AT THE SWORD.

**BLEAK:**

(EFFORT – PULLING) The sword... it's stuck! It's fused into the machine!

**TEGAN:**

(JOINING HIM) Here, let me try – (EFFORT)

**STONE:**

John, get that woman out of here!

**TEGAN:**

We should all get out. That machine of yours is gonna blow...!

**BLEAK:**

What-?

**STONE:**

I think she's right. Leave it be, both of [you]

FX: THERE IS A HUGE IMPLOSION.

**STONE:**

(SCREAMS)

FX: THE SWIRLING NOISE OF THE MACHINE BEGINNING TO TRAVEL THROUGH TIME. It GOES. BEAT. DEBRIS AND GLASS FALLS.

**STONE:**

(GETTING UP) Oh no... John? Where are you...? (REALISATION) Him and the Australian woman – they've gone...!

**13: INT. DINING ROOM**

FX: CHATTER AND TINKLING CUTLERY AS BEFORE.

**TURLOUGH:**

(EXAMINING PLATE) What is this? Chicken?

**DOCTOR:**

Coated in something. With something else on the side.

**TURLOUGH:**

I suppose it's better than what comes out of the TARDIS food machine.

**NYSSA:**

I prefer the Food Machine.

**DOCTOR:**

(BRIGHTENING) Really? I built that, you know.

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, all this talk of historical mysteries... Aren't you tempted to simply tell them that you could find out the answers?

**DOCTOR:**

Well, you know what I'm going to say to that, Nyssa.

**NYSSA:**

Something to do with not interfering with time, I imagine.

**DOCTOR:**

Spot on. Where has Tegan got to?

**TURLOUGH:**

(EATING) I told you, I've no idea.

**NYSSA:**

Now I think of it, Molly went to look for Professor Bleak. He's been gone a long time, too.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, and the lovely French lady seems to have abandoned us as well.

**TURLOUGH:**

(EATING) Perhaps everyone thinks we're boring?

**NYSSA:**

Don't talk with your mouth full, Turlough.

**DOCTOR:**

Poor Tegan. I've dropped her in at the deep end, getting her to pretend she's an expert.

**NYSSA:**

Sometimes I think Tegan could do just about anything.

**DOCTOR:**

Even bluff her way through the history of the dark ages?

**TURLOUGH:**

She *comes* from the dark ages.

**NYSSA:**

That's a point. Relatively speaking.

**TURLOUGH:**

Know what I'd do, if the TARDIS was mine? I'd charge all the professors a whopping great fee and tell them – Come on, then. Pay me, and I'll take you back to wherever you like, and you can find out the truth.

**DOCTOR:**

Luckily you don't have a TARDIS of your own, Turlough.

**NYSSA:**

Look, here's Molly now.

**MOLLY:**

(SITTING DOWN, BREATHLESS) It's most odd. I can't find them anywhere. Are you sure you don't know why Professor Bleak might have gone off with your friend, Mr Turlough?

**DOCTOR:**

Turlough...?

**TURLOUGH:**

(TO MOLLY) I told you, Molly, it wasn't like that. She was going after him.

**NYSSA:**

Turlough, you knew!

**TURLOUGH:**

Tegan said it was none of my business. I took her at her word.

**DOCTOR:**

(SIGH) What happened?

**TURLOUGH:**

We both saw him do it. Unbelievable, really. He could have been caught at any moment. And Tegan took off after him. Outside.

**MOLLY:**

I don't understand. What did he do? The Professor?

**TURLOUGH:**

When he thought no-one was looking, he took the sword of Ethelfrid out of the display case and made off with it.

**MOLLY:**

What?!

**TURLOUGH:**

And Tegan went charging off after him.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh no.



**14: INT. CASTLE IN 10<sup>TH</sup> CENTURY DERBYSHIRE — CORRIDOR**

FX: SWIRLING OF THE TIME/SPACE VORTEX...

**TEGAN/BLEAK:**

(SCREAMING AS THEY'RE WHIRLED AROUND)

FX: ... THEN CRASH AS THE TIME MACHINE LANDS ABRUPTLY ON THE STONE FLOOR OF A PASSAGEWAY IN THE CASTLE.

FX: CRACKLING OF TORCHES. SCUFFLING OF THE TWO HUMANS ON THE GROUND. DISTANT SOUNDS OF REVELRY AND LAUGHTER.

**TEGAN:**

Prof...? You alright?

**BLEAK:**

W-what happened?

**TEGAN:**

We took a trip. Only this machine of yours looks a bit messed up. Come on, stand up.

**BLEAK:**

I can't. I feel sick. I feel... Wait a minute. A trip? Where are we?

**TEGAN:**

I'm trying to figure that out. Stone walls. Blazing torches.

**BLEAK:**

This isn't campus.

**TEGAN:**

Not unless the halls of residence are really ripping off the first year students.

**BLEAK:**

Philippa! Where's Philippa?

**TEGAN:**

She's not here, so...

**BLEAK:**

She's dead. I know it. She was caught in the blast. The whole place must have gone sky high...

**TEGAN:**

I don't think so.

**BLEAK:**

What would you know about it?

FX: UP NOISES OF REVELRY.

**BLEAK:**

Listen.

**TEGAN:**

Sounds like a party going on downstairs.

**BLEAK:**

I... I don't know how to tell you this, Dr Jovanka...

**TEGAN:**

It's just Tegan.

**BLEAK:**

But... my wife was working on a kind of... well, in layman's terms I suppose one would have to call it a time machine.

**TEGAN:**

Would one, now?

**BLEAK:**

You don't seem very amazed.

**TEGAN:**

We're standing in a medieval castle, so...

**BLEAK:**

But... time itself, Doctor Jovanka. My wife has somehow conquered the fourth dimension.

**TEGAN:**

And dumped us here. Well, bully for her.

**15: EXT. CAMPUS – SQUARE**

FX: DOORS SWISH OPEN AS DOCTOR EXITS HURRIEDLY, FOLLOWED BY MOLLY, NYSSA AND TURLOUGH.

**DOCTOR:**

Molly – go back to your delegates. Finish dinner.

**MOLLY:**

But the Professor...!

**DOCTOR:**

We'll find him. We'll bring him back.

**NYSSA:**

The Doctor's right, Molly. You're in charge of the conference now.

**MOLLY:**

All right. But let me know as soon as you find out what's going on.

FX: MOLLY HURRIES BACK THROUGH DOORS, WHILE THE OTHER THREE HEAD OFF AT PACE.

**DOCTOR:**

(WALKING) Turlough – show me which way Tegan went.

**TURLOUGH:**

(WALKING) Tegan followed him across this square as far as I could make out. And up those steps into that building there.

**NYSSA:**

(WALKING) Department of Physics. What are all those people doing, laying on the steps?

**TURLOUGH:**

(WALKING) Sleeping, I think. I suppose they must be the protesters. It's like a refugee camp.

**DOCTOR:**

(WALKING) We'd better not wake them. I've got a very uneasy feeling about [all this]

FX: INTERRUPTED BY URGENT BLEEPING FROM THE TIME TRACER IN HIS POCKET.

**DOCTOR:**

(STOPPING, PULLING TRACER OUT OF POCKET) ... Ah!

**TURLOUGH:**

What *is* that bleeping thing of yours, anyway?

**DOCTOR:**

Time tracer.

**NYSSA:**

You were checking it before, when we first arrived..

**TURLOUGH:**

A time tracer? Really?

**DOCTOR:**

That's what it's called.

**TURLOUGH:**

Did you make that yourself, too?

**DOCTOR:**

It's picking up time distortion on a massive scale.

**TURLOUGH:**

And the source...?

**DOCTOR:**

Straight ahead. The Physics building.

**NYSSA:**

This is why we're here, isn't it? It's not about the conference at all.

**DOCTOR:**

Someone is doing some very dangerous experiments. We have to put a stop to them. But I think we may already be too late!

**16: INT. CASTLE – CORRIDOR**

FX: 3 x SETS OF HEAVY FOOTSTEPS APPROACHING DOWN CORRIDOR.

**BLEAK:**

Someone's coming.

**TEGAN:**

A whole load of someones, by the sound of it. Come on, get up. We'll have to explain ourselves.

**BLEAK:**

How on Earth do we explain this?

**TEGAN:**

We'll think of something.

FX: 2 x GUARDS AND PRINCESS ELFWYN ROUND THE CORNER.

**ELFWYN:**

(MARCHING UP) You! Who are you? How did you come to be in this castle?

**TEGAN:**

We can explain...

**ELFWYN:**

We heard the most terrible, unearthly sounds ringing through the air. And now here you are.

**BLEAK:**

(TERRIFIED) Really, we don't mean you any harm...

**ELFWYN:**

Silence – sorcerer! Guards, seize them!

**TEGAN:**

(SEIZED BY GUARD; DITTO BLEAK) What are you going to do with us?

**ELFWYN:**

Queen Ethelfrid herself will decide your fate!

**END OF PART ONE**

**PART TWO**

(REPRISE:)

**ELFWYN:**

[...] *Guards, seize them!*

**TEGAN:**

*(SEIZED BY GUARDS; DITTO BLEAK) What are you going to do with us?*

**ELFWYN:**

*Queen Ethelfrid herself will decide your fate!*

CONTINUES INTO:

**17. INT. CASTLE – CORRIDOR [CONTINUOUS]**

**BLEAK:**

Ethelfrid-?! The Lady-?!

**ELFWYN:**

Aye. My mother. (CALLING) Mother! Mother!

**BLEAK:**

Mother? B-but –

**TEGAN:**

Look smart, Prof. Here she comes.

FX: RUSTLE OF THE QUEEN'S GOWN AS SHE APPROACHES – HER FOOTSTEPS AND THOSE OF TWO TROOPERS ACCOMPANYING HER.

**ETHELFRID:**

Daughter? These are the interlopers?

**ELFWYN:**

A sorcerer and his apprentice, aye!

**BLEAK:**

My Lady. I-i-is it really you?

**TEGAN:**

Shut up, Bleak. You're babbling.

**ETHELFRID:**

I am Ethelfrid of Mercia. Queen of the Northern Lands and protector of the Northern peoples. And I am beset on all sides, by enemies from abroad and within.

**TEGAN:**

It's an honour to meet you.

**ETHELFRID:**

Elfwyn, are you sure about these people? But for their apparel, there seems nothing so outlandish about them.

**TEGAN:**

Thanks, your Maj.

**ELFWYN:**

(OUTRAGED) What did you say?!

**ETHELFRID:**

Elfwyn, never mind all that. I hate standing on ceremony.

**BLEAK:**

This is incredible. I didn't dare dream... Oh, Philippa! If only you were here!

**TEGAN:**

Alright, calm down. (TO ETHELFRID) I apologise for my... friend, Majesty. We've come a long way to be here, he's a bit overcome.

**ELFWYN:**

But where did you come from? And how did you get inside the castle?

FX: 2 x TROOPERS ADVANCE MENACINGLY, CLATTERING IN ARMOUR.

**TEGAN:**

Hey, mind where you're pointing those swords!

**ETHELFRID:**

Elfwyn, tell your men to stand down.

**ELFWYN:**

There could be danger, mother. We don't know what these strangers intend. And that... thing. Is it a means of torture of some kind?

**ETHELFRID:**

We will learn nothing by mere speculation!

**BLEAK:**

Listen to them, Tegan! Talking... like... like people!

**ETHELFRID:**

Pardon my daughter. She is still in a very belligerent mood. Only yesterday she and my forces achieved a great victory here in Derby.

**BLEAK:**

(EXCITED) Derby, that's right!

**ETHELFRID:**

We have taken back not just this castle, but the region entire. We have driven the Danes back to the north. It has been a long, hard struggle – so tonight, we can afford to be gracious.

**ELFWYN:**

But mother...

**ETHELFRID:**

And for once we needn't disembowel strangers at first sight!

**ELFWYN:**

But what if they are sorcerers?

**ETHELFRID:**

Black magic – ha! This is the tenth century, my dear. We're not in the time of the Druids, you know.

**BLEAK:**

(ASIDE) Oh, I wish I had my camera...

**TEGAN:**

(ASIDE) It's not the time for taking snaps.

FX: ELFWYN CROSSES TO TIME MACHINE.

**ELFWYN:**

But what is this instrument they have brought...?

**ETHELFRID:**

Give it a rest, Elfwyn. Can't we drop our guard for a bit?

**ELFWYN:**

Not for one moment, mother. We must protect you.

**ETHELFRID:**

Leave that... thing alone. I'll have the men throw it out.

**ELFWYN:**

Wait! Look what I've found...

FX: METALLIC SCRAPE AS ELFWYN YANKS THE SWORD OUT OF THE TIME MACHINE. GASPS FROM GUARDS.

**BLEAK:**

(GROAN) The sword! Oh no.

**TEGAN:**

Yeah, that's torn it.



**ETHELFRID:**

But – but that is –

**ELFWYN:**

Your sword, mother. Lying within the instrument these strangers brought with them.

**ETHELFRID:**

I lost this in battle last year. On the fields of Runcorn, fending off my brother Wessex's men. It drank thirstily of their blood that day... do you remember?

**ELFWYN:**

Aye, and now it is here. What do you think of these strangers now, mother?

**BLEAK:**

P-please, we can explain –

**ETHELFRID:**

Were you sent by my brother? Are you from the south, come to plague me again?

FX: ODD NOISE FROM THE TIME MACHINE – STARTING UP.

**ELFWYN:**

What fresh devilry is this?

**TEGAN:**

The machine's starting to glow – what's happening, Bleak?

**BLEAK:**

It's been activated again...

**TEGAN:**

Maybe because she pulled out the sword?

**ETHELFRID:**

Elfwyn... daughter! Get away from that device...!

FX: TIME MACHINE NOISE BUILDS TO A CRESCENDO. CAUGHT IN ITS FIELD...

**ELFWYN:**

(SCREAMS)

**18: INT. PHYSICS BUILDING – FOYER**

FX: EERIE, ECHOING QUIET INDOORS – THEN, GLASS FRONT DOORS SWINGING OPEN AND THE DOCTOR, NYSSA AND TURLOUGH HURRY INSIDE. BLEEPING FROM TIME TRACER PEAKS AND FADES AWAY.

**NYSSA:**

Why has the tracer gone quiet?

**DOCTOR:**

Signal is fading. The distortion has calmed down.

**TURLOUGH:**

But whoever started it is somewhere in this building?

**NYSSA:**

We could take a floor each until we find them.

**TURLOUGH:**

What's so important about this time distortion anyway?

**NYSSA:**

You know perfectly well, Turlough, what can happen when the wrong people interfere with time.

**TURLOUGH:**

Yes, but there's no Findecker here, surely?! There could be a perfectly innocent explanation.

**DOCTOR:**

No sort of artificial time distortion can be said to be innocent, not in 1983. And if someone here has got a rudimentary time machine working..

**NYSSA:**

That'd be quite an impressive achievement, in an era like this.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, I did say rudimentary. But yes, it would have to be someone very clever indeed. And they could do a great deal of damage.

FX: TIME TRACER BLEEPS EXCITEDLY.

**DOCTOR:**

Aha! We're off again! Come on – upstairs!

FX: THEY RUSH OFF, UP STONE STEPS.

**19: INT. ETHELFRID'S CASTLE**

FX: TIME MACHINE NOISE, AND ELFWYN'S SCREAM, FADE TO NOTHING.

BEAT SILENCE.

**ETHELFRID:**

Elfwyn...? Daughter...?

**TEGAN:**

I'm sorry. She's gone.

**BLEAK:**

The machine, too!

**ETHELFRID:**

Where? Where has she gone?

**TEGAN:**

(SIGHS) This is going to sound crazy, your Majesty – but, well, here goes: –

**BLEAK:**

(INTERRUPTING, PANICKED) The machine's gone, Tegan! Don't you see what that means?

**TEGAN:**

Getting back to the twentieth century is the least of our problems right now.

**ETHELFRID:**

Oh, but my daughter was right about you! Guards – take hold of these sorcerers!

FX: GUARDS SEIZE TEGAN AND BLEAK – STRUGGLE.

**BLEAK:**

Get your hands off me! Leave us alone!

**TEGAN:**

Calm down, Bleak. They're scared. They could lash out at any moment.

**ETHELFRID:**

My daughter, taken from me! Oh, Elfwyn – if only I'd listened to you!

**TEGAN:**

Your Majesty... please. It's not what you think.

**ETHELFRID:**

Foul witch, do not presume to tell me what to think! Guards – place these creatures in irons, then search every corner of this castle. You must find my daughter!

**BLEAK:**

Oh, for goodness' sake. Don't you see? She's not here any more.

**TEGAN:**

She's gone to... another domain, I guess you could say.

**ETHELFRID:**

Then you will bring her back, from wherever you have sent her.

**TEGAN:**

I don't think we can do that, your Majesty.

**ETHELFRID:**

You will find a way. Or I will have you drawn and quartered and burn your living remains into cinders!

**20: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: THE ROOM IS QUIET – UNTIL THE DOOR FLIES OPEN AND THE DOCTOR, NYSSA AND TURLOUGH HURRY IN. TRACER BLEEPs AND FADES INTO BACKGROUND.

**TURLOUGH:**

Looks like a bomb's dropped in here.

**STONE:**

Who are you? Get out of my lab...!

**DOCTOR:**

Hello. I'm the Doctor, this is Nyssa and that's Turlough.

**NYSSA:**

We're here to help you.

**STONE:**

You're too late. Just get out, will you-?!

**DOCTOR:**

Turlough – put the kettle on. Over there, look. I think our friend here's had a shock.

**STONE:**

You can't fix this with tea!

**NYSSA:**

Turlough, do as the Doctor asks.

**TURLOUGH:**

(SIGH) Alright-!

FX: TURLOUGH SLOPES OFF SURLILY AND IS HEARD MAKING TEA IN THE BACKGROUND UNTIL HE RETURNS.

**DOCTOR:**

Please. If there's been some sort of temporal accident, then I promise you, we can help.

**STONE:**

Temporal? You know what I've been working on-?!

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, I do, I'm sorry to say. And I'm not very impressed.

**STONE:**

You should be.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, I'm impressed – but I'm not very pleased.

**STONE:**

Oh, really?

**DOCTOR:**

Look, why don't we begin at the beginning? Like I said, I'm the Doctor.

**STONE:**

I'm Stone. Dr Philippa Stone.

**NYSSA:**

And you've somehow managed to make yourself a time machine.

**STONE:**

Who are you, the Men in Black? Or the Man in Cricketing Whites? Come to close me down?

**DOCTOR:**

Not exactly. Please, tell us what happened.

**STONE:**

The whole thing went crazy. There was a kind of implosion, and the machine just... vanished. It wasn't supposed to do that.

**DOCTOR:**

No.

**NYSSA:**

We're looking for our friend. Tegan. She's Australian.

**DOCTOR:**

She was last seen running after a Professor Bleak, who'd stolen a Medieval sword?

**STONE:**

That was John, my husband. Yes... they were here.

**DOCTOR:**

Professor Bleak is your husband?

**STONE:**

Don't sound so surprised, I'm not obliged to take his name.

**DOCTOR:**

No. No, of course not.

**STONE:**

Things have been rather difficult lately. We've both been so buried in our work. Him with his conference, and me with my –

**NYSSA:**

Time machine.

**STONE:**

It sounds so silly when you say it, doesn't it?

**TURLOUGH:**

(RETURNING WITH TEA, MUGS CLINKING) Oh come on. Humans can't invent this kind of technology in the twentieth century. They just can't!

**NYSSA:**

Quiet, Turlough. You're giving too much away.

**STONE:**

'Humans-?' Who are you people?

**DOCTOR:**

(CHANGING SUBJECT) You should drink your tea.

**STONE:**

Urgh, no thanks – it's all milky and horrible.

**TURLOUGH:**

Can't get anything right, can I?

**NYSSA:**

(PROMPTING STONE) Please, Dr Stone. The Australian woman-?

**STONE:**

Dr Jovanka, that was it. She grabbed hold of him. John, I mean. Only he was holding the sword, and the sword was inside the machine, and they all just vanished.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, but where to?

**STONE:**

Back in time, obviously. To wherever the sword belonged.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, that's it.

**STONE:**

(DISTRESSED) And now I don't have the first idea how to get them back...!

**21: INT. CASTLE – CORRIDOR**

FX: CASTLE ATMOSPHERICS, AS BEFORE.

**ETHELFRID:**

(TO GUARDS) Take them to the dungeons!

**BLEAK:**

The dungeons! But you can't! I'm claustrophobic!

**TEGAN:**

Calm down. I don't much relish the thought of being locked up either, but...

**BLEAK:**

Please, your Majesty. You must listen to me!

**ETHELFRID:**

Why should I harken unto you? You're just another shouty little man, pleading for my attention, claiming to deserve my ear...

**BLEAK:**

But I can help you!

**ETHELFRID:**

You said you could not.

**BLEAK:**

But I can! I know the future. I know how things will all work out.

**TEGAN:**

I don't think this is such a good idea...

**ETHELFRID:**

What is this? Do you claim to be a seer?

**BLEAK:**

No, better than that. I come from the future. I know what will become of you, your Majesty. This land of Mercia, [too!]

**ETHELFRID:**

Silence! I distrust those who claim to see into the future.

**TEGAN:**

I don't blame you. The fact is, your Majesty – you're right. He is a sorcerer.

**BLEAK:**

What-?



**TEGAN:**

Trust me.

**ETHELFRID:**

I will not suffer magicians in this kingdom of mine. The Danes have already infected this place with their heathen rites. Guards – take him away!

**BLEAK:**

But – what about her?

**ETHELFRID:**

She told me the truth. A witch would have lied. Now bleat no more – magician!

FX: CLATTER AS GUARDS DRAG BLEAK AWAY.

**BLEAK:**

(DRAGGED OFF) No, please! I've a medical condition!

**TEGAN:**

Your Majesty, I beg you. Show this foolish man the strength of your mercy.

**ETHELFRID:**

Don't presume that I will not kill him, woman. It is just that I cannot hear myself think for all his prattling on.

**TEGAN:**

Er, right.

**ETHELFRID:**

Now, let us have an intelligent conversation. Then I shall decide the fate of you both.

**22: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: DOCTOR PLAYING WITH BEEPING BUTTONS.

**STONE:**

Leave the control panel alone! You'll only make it worse!

**DOCTOR:**

Like I said – we're here to help.

**NYSSA:**

The machine's controls seem to be fused.

**STONE:**

They froze when the cabinet was propelled into the past.

FX: BURBLING OSCILLOSCOPE TRACE.

**DOCTOR:**

Interesting. The oscilloscope would seem to indicate some kind of incoming corporeal event... caught in stasis by the looks of it.

**STONE:**

What?

**TURLOUGH:**

Don't look at me, I'm only the teaboy.

**NYSSA:**

There's a shadow wave formation – see? That's a pulse.

**DOCTOR:**

A living pulse, caught in limbo. But unless this machine can pick up the signal properly, and provoke a manifestation... whatever, whoever it is, they're stuck.

**TURLOUGH:**

So if we can get the controls working again...

**NYSSA:**

We might be able to get Tegan back, yes.

**STONE:**

But how? Oh, you might as well go. There's nothing you can do.

**DOCTOR:**

We're not going anywhere, Dr Stone. Not if there's a chance of getting Tegan and your husband back.

**TURLOUGH:**

Tegan or her husband, surely? There's just one life sign, after all.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, thank you, Turlough.

**STONE:**

One of them's dead? That's what you're saying?

**NYSSA:**

Or lost in the time vortex, possibly.

**STONE:**

Oh, this is all my fault...!

**TURLOUGH:**

Well, yes, obviously.

**STONE:**

I knew. I knew it wasn't ready yet. There were safety features to think about. Time could be poisonous, for all we know, and moving through it might be deadly...

**DOCTOR:**

Not exactly, but please. Go on.

**STONE:**

But John insisted. He kept pushing and pushing...

**NYSSA:**

Your husband was keen for you to succeed.

**STONE:**

It was so seductive. Especially to a historian. To me it was about testing out the theory, but to him...

**DOCTOR:**

Bleak was more concerned with the machine's practical applications?

**STONE:**

He had a plan... for a whole new school of historical research. Empirical research into the past...!

**NYSSA:**

You mean, actually travelling back into the past and finding things out for himself?

**STONE:**

No, no. He didn't want to go into the past. He wanted to bring the past here. He wanted to bring people out of history, and into this laboratory...

**DOCTOR:**

He may have paid the price for his ambition.

**STONE:**

He was on the funding committee as well, you see. Up at University House. He convinced them to keep pouring money into the Physics department... into my research...

**NYSSA:**

Hence the protesters outside.

**STONE:**

Oh, yes. They thought he was abusing his position.

**TURLOUGH:**

(FX: IDLY FLICKING SWITCHES) Well, he was, wasn't he?

**NYSSA:**

Turlough, leave the controls alone.

**STONE:**

They think it was all about nepotism and greed. But there was so much more to it...

**DOCTOR:**

Yes – something much, much worse than plain old nepotism and greed.

FX: TIME MACHINE CONTROLS START TO COME ALIVE AGAIN.

**TURLOUGH:**

(WARNING) Doctor...!

**STONE:**

It was in the cause of knowledge. All he wanted to do was to shed some light upon the Dark Ages...!

**TURLOUGH:**

(ALARMED) Doctor...!

**DOCTOR:**

(IRRITATED) Yes! – (REALISATION) Have you been playing with those controls?

**TURLOUGH:**

I think I've managed to get the thing going again...!

**NYSSA:**

(GOING OVER) The signal's growing in strength.

**DOCTOR:**

Incoming corporeal event. I was right! Someone's coming through!

FX: LOUD, SPIRALLING NOISES — AS THE DEVICE RETURNS TO THE LAB.

**TURLOUGH:**

There's a figure forming...!

**STONE:**

Yes, but who?

**NYSSA:**

That isn't Tegan. Or the Professor!

FX: NOISE CUTS OUT AS DEVICE LANDS WITH A THUMP.

BEAT.

**DOCTOR:**

Hello, there...! Please, don't be alarmed.

**ELFWYN:**

Where am I? Where have I been brought?

**DOCTOR:**

That might take a little while to explain...

**ELFWYN:**

Tell me! Elfwyn of Mercia demands to know!

**23: INT. CASTLE – BEDCHAMBER**

FX: LOW FIRE IN GRATE. MOANING WIND OUTSIDE.

**ETHELFRID:**

I will not be able to sleep tonight. Not in this unfamiliar place.

**TEGAN:**

It's... very nice. As castles go. (SHIVERS) Bit drafty, mind.

**ETHELFRID:**

It's a hovel. If my late husband could see some of the places I've slept in the years since he died... he'd be horrified. He promised to keep me in splendour. But in order to keep hold of his kingdom, I have had to live like a soldier. (BEAT) Oh, but never mind all that now. Self-pity ill becomes me, though heaven knows I've enough cause for misery.

**TEGAN:**

You and me both.

**ETHELFRID:**

(AMUSED) Yes. What is your name, sorceress?

**TEGAN:**

Tegan Jovanka, your Majesty.

**ETHELFRID:**

Now we are alone – (BUT CONFIDENTIAL) – you may tell me the truth, about how you came to be here.

**TEGAN:**

That's the actual truth, right? Not the truth you'll allow your men-at-arms to hear you entertain?

**ETHELFRID:**

You are wise, Tegan Jovanka. The actual truth, of course.

**TEGAN:**

Fair enough. I guess it's one thing for a Queen to believe in sorcery, but to believe in time travel – well, that'd make you look nuts.

**ETHELFRID:**

(UNFAMILIAR PHRASE) 'Time... travel'?

**TEGAN:**

We're not magicians, me and the Professor. It's kind of hard to explain, but we've been displaced from our own time. From the future.

**ETHELFRID:**

Have a care. You cannot have a future if I have you killed.

**TEGAN:**

I mean, far in the future. Centuries. The machine made it happen. We didn't choose to come here.

**ETHELFRID:**

Then... this machine, is itself a demon? Or possessed by one?

**TEGAN:**

If you like. We didn't make it bring us here, any more than we made it take your daughter away.

**ETHELFRID:**

Oh, what to believe? I'm half out of my wits. To have lost Elfwyn, at this crucial time...

**TEGAN:**

Is she your only daughter?

**ETHELFRID:**

Aye. Since my Lord the King died... all those many years ago... we have only had each other. Suddenly I feel so alone. So alone, and so tired...

**TEGAN:**

You look whacked out, if you don't mind me saying.

**ETHELFRID:**

I have been fighting for so long. When we took this castle earlier, I dared to believe that the day might yet be won – but if word gets out that Elfwyn has disappeared, all could be lost!

**TEGAN:**

I don't understand, your Majesty.

**ETHELFRID:**

Tomorrow, I must appear in the city of York, to receive a blessing at the Minster. I must be resplendent and triumphant. I must convince my people that I am still possessed of the strength to unite this country. But to prove that my strength will endure, I must also show that I might be succeeded by a vital heir.

**TEGAN:**

Elfwyn!

**ETHELFRID:**

If the people cannot believe in me – in my line – then I fear that my time has come to an end.

**TEGAN:**

Right. That's why you needed Elfwyn disappearing like you need a hole in the head.

**ETHELFRID:**

(SLY) Perhaps, though, my daughter may yet reappear...

**TEGAN:**

Perhaps, but I don't know how.

**ETHELFRID:**

(DECISIVELY) Tegan Jovanka – pledge your allegiance to me, and I will spare your life. Aye, and that of your prattling friend, too!

**TEGAN:**

My allegiance-? (SUSPICIOUS) Why? What do you want me to do?



**24: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: BACKGROUND LABORATORY NOISE.

**DOCTOR:**

It's all right. You're quite safe.

**ELFWYN:**

What is this place...?

**DOCTOR:**

That might be rather difficult to explain. Please, if you'd mind putting that sword of yours aside – [just for a moment]

**ELFWYN:**

(YELLS; EFFORT AS LASHES OUT WITH HER SWORD)

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, look out!

FX: SMASHING GLASS RECEPTACLES.

**ELFWYN:**

Where have you brought me to, demons?

**STONE:**

Please, mind the time machine!

**ELFWYN:**

Answer me, demons! (YELLS; EFFORT...)

FX: MORE SMASHED WOOD/GLASS ETC.

**STONE:**

Is she really from the past?

**TURLOUGH:**

It rather seems that way.

**DOCTOR:**

Her surcoat and hose are certainly of primitive manufacture – (EFFORT AS HE DODGES SWORD)

FX: MORE SMASHES.

**TURLOUGH:**

Yes, thank you for the rundown on Medieval fashion.

**STONE:**

Doctor, do something before she destroys the entire lab!

**DOCTOR:**

I'm trying!

FX: CRASH, TINKLE — FURTHER EQUIPMENT IS RUINED

**TURLOUGH:**

(SHOUTING) Can't you reverse the machine, and send her back?

**STONE:**

It was your messing with the controls that brought her here!  
Can't you?

**ELFWYN:**

Yes — send me back! I don't want to be here!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, that's quite understandable. But, like I say, we can only help you if put the sword aside, just for a moment?

**ELFWYN:**

Get away from me, master of demons!

**TURLOUGH:**

Hold on. That sword — that's Ethelfrid's, or whatever her name is! The one that Bleak stole!

**STONE:**

Then... she must have seen him! (TO ELFWYN) The man you took the sword from — what happened to him?

**ELFWYN:**

The sorcerer, you mean? In the castle at Derby?

**STONE:**

I don't know, probably —

**ELFWYN:**

The grey-faced man who cringed, and stammered, and cowered in fear?

**STONE:**

Yes, that'll be him.

**ELFWYN:**

If my mother has the wisdom of her forefathers, she'll have scraped the flesh from his bones with a fishknife by now.

**STONE:**

What?

**NYSSA:**

The woman who was with him — what happened to her?

**ELFWYN:**

I neither know nor care. Release me from this place! Return me to my mother's side!

**DOCTOR:**

'Elfwyn of Mercia', you said. Your mother, she wouldn't happen to be –

**ELFWYN:**

Queen Ethelfrid herself, aye!

**DOCTOR:**

Ah. Now that complicates things, rather.

**STONE:**

Then – we succeeded. We brought the past back here, to the University!

FX: CRASH AND SMASH AS ELFWYN SCATTERS FURNITURE, BACKING AWAY TOWARDS THE DOOR.

**ELFWYN:**

If you will not free me from your castle, then I shall fight my way out!

**NYSSA:**

Turlough, stop her! She's heading for the door!

**TURLOUGH:**

Me? (GRABBED BY ELFWYN)

**ELFWYN:**

(GRIPPING HIS HAIR) You! You have red hair. Are you a Dane?

**TURLOUGH:**

No, no, just a demon. (GASPS AS SHE LETS GO) Thank you. Now –

FX: TURLOUGH FLINGS OPEN THE DOOR.

**TURLOUGH:**

There's the door. Go on, out you go! Go!

**ELFWYN:**

If you were a Dane, I'd have cleaved your skull in two. (EXITS)

BEAT.

**NYSSA:**

Turlough, you let her go!

**TURLOUGH:**

Well, what else was I supposed to do?

**DOCTOR:**

We'd better get after her. Come on, Nyssa!

FX: DOCTOR AND NYSSA RUSH OUT.

**25: INT. CASTLE — BEDCHAMBER**

FX: CRACKLING FIRE — WIND MOANING OUTSIDE.

**ETHELFRID:**

This is a tumultuous time, Tegan Jovanka. My kingdom could splinter and break apart at any moment. Our enemies are everywhere and none of them want a woman ruling over them.

**TEGAN:**

You said... you've got the Danes in the North, and also your own brother's people after you?

**ETHELFRID:**

I am besieged from all sides, and now my daughter — my heir — is gone. But the people must see their warrior princess, tomorrow, in York — when I appear before the crowd.

**TEGAN:**

Hang on. I think I know what you're about to suggest.

**ETHELFRID:**

You are much like Elfwyn. The same height, and size, and build. In the kirtle, smock and cape of a woman warrior you will look the very image of my daughter.

**TEGAN:**

I can't go around impersonating the heir to the throne!

**ETHELFRID:**

Would you rather I had your 'Professor' executed?

AWKWARD BEAT.

**TEGAN:**

All right.

**ETHELFRID:**

You'll do it?

**TEGAN:**

I just hope I'm making the right decision.

**ETHELFRID:**

How could you not be, if it means saving the life of your friend?

**TEGAN:**

He isn't really a friend. We just got caught up in this together.

**ETHELFRID:**

You came from the same place, though.

**TEGAN:**

True – but 1983 is all we have in common, I hope.

**ETHELFRID:**

Your future land. Am I really remembered there?

**TEGAN:**

Oh... Of course.

**ETHELFRID:**

And do you also claim to know what will become of me?

**TEGAN:**

(HESITANTLY) I have a friend, who knows all about how time works...

**ETHELFRID:**

Another 'wise' man, like this Professor Bleak?

**TEGAN:**

The Doctor really *is* wise. Though I'd never say that to his face, of course. He'd say that knowing in advance how things turn out... well, that could spoil things for everyone.

**ETHELFRID:**

Perhaps I will meet your Doctor one day.

**TEGAN:**

Perhaps.

**ETHELFRID:**

(DECISIVELY) Come, Tegan Jovanka – we must take you to my armourer!

**TEGAN:**

What, now?

**ETHELFRID:**

We will ride to York this very night!

**26: EXT. CAMPUS – BY DUCKPOND**

FX: MUTED CHATTERING OF ACADEMICS – DISTANT HONKING OF WOKEN-UP DUCKS.

**MOLLY:**

(HERDING PROFESSORS) Now, everyone – this is the free-form socializing section of the evening's entertainments. Sherry is served. Just don't get too close to the edge of the duckpond, it is rather dark.

**DUCHAMP:**

Ms Wright? Is there still no sign of Professor Bleak?

**MOLLY:**

Unfortunately not.

**DUCHAMP:**

How regrettable his absence is. Many of us are keen to praise him for the organisation of this marvellous event.

**MOLLY:**

(SARCASTIC) Because he organized the entire thing, obviously.

**DUCHAMP:**

Pardon?

**MOLLY:**

Nothing. Nothing, Dr Duchamp. –

FX: SUDDEN COMMOTION FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE PHYSICS DEPARTMENT – CRIES FROM SUDDENLY WOKEN STUDENT PROTESTORS AS ELFWYN BARGES THROUGH THEIR RANKS.

**STUDENT PROTESTORS:**

(OFF) Hey – what?/ Is it morning yet?/ Get off me!/ Don't shove!/ OWW! [ETC]

**BARRY:**

(OFF) Here, you! This is an official picket, you can't break the line!

**ELFWYN:**

(OFF) (KICKING STUDENTS) Get back, you scabious peasants!

**FESTER:**

(SAUNTERING OVER) What on Earth is going on over there?

**MOLLY:**

I don't know... (READING NAME BADGE) ... Professor Fester, does that say?

**DUCHAMP:**

But this must be the protesters outside the Physics Department agitating some more? Ahh, it reminds me of Paris, in 1968...

**FESTER:**

Yes, I fear they may be revolting again.

**DUCHAMP:**

My dear Professor Fester, the students are always revolting, no?

**FESTER:**

Oh, I'm a Point Five Reader. I never have to see another student as long as I live.

**DUCHAMP/FESTER:**

(LAUGH POLITELY)

FX: CUT SHORT BY A SCREAM FROM OFF — SOMEONE'S BEEN HIT BY ELFWYN, WHIRLING SWORD AROUND. PANIC AMONG PROTESTORS.

**BARRY:**

(OFF) Someone's hurt! Someone's bleeding!

**ELFWYN:**

(OFF) Get back! Back, I say!

**MOLLY:**

I thought they were just having a sleep-in! It sounds like a riot!

**DUCHAMP:**

Someone should go over there. Professor Fester, perhaps you could go and see what is the cause of all this 'ullaballoo?

**FESTER:**

Who, me? Well, alright then...

FX: FOLLOW FESTER AS HE STRIDES QUICKLY ACROSS TO:



**27: EXT. PHYSICS DEPT [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: ELFWYN WHIRLING HER SWORD ABOUT – SCREAMS AS PEOPLE SCATTER – THE CLASH OF HER SWORD AGAINST CONCRETE.

**STUDENT PROTESTORS:**

(DISORGANISED CRIES THROUGHOUT, INCLUDING:) Move over!/ Stop shoving!/ Has no-one called the police?/ You can't call the police, you're an anarchist!/ Oh, Mum!

**ELFWYN:**

Demons! Hobgoblins! Let me pass!

**BARRY:**

Back off, everybody! Let her through!

**FESTER:**

(RUNNING UP) Now, look here! What's going on? You, young man!

**BARRY:**

We didn't start it this time! You can't blame us!

**ELFWYN:**

It seems I must start chopping heads!

**FESTER:**

It's some kind of madwoman!

**BARRY:**

We thought she was one of your lot.

**FESTER:**

Hardly.

FX: DEPT DOORS OPEN – DOCTOR AND NYSSA EMERGE INTO CHAOS.

**NYSSA:**

Oh no. Doctor, do something!

**DOCTOR:**

(SHOUTING) Please, someone give the lady room...!

**FESTER:**

(CALLING TO DOCTOR) You – from the Wollongong party!

**DOCTOR:**

I beg your pardon?

**FESTER:**

Who is this dreadful woman?

**ELFWYN:**

Who am I? I am Elfwyn – Princess of Mercia! And I am here to  
wreak havoc on you all!

CROSS TO:

**28: EXT. CAMPUS — BY DUCKPOND [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: FRACAS CONTINUES IN THE DISTANCE — CLINKING OF SHERRY GLASSES. 'AHS' AND 'OOHS' FROM ACADEMICS.

**MOLLY:**

Oh, my goodness! Whatever is going on?

**DUCHAMP:**

That woman, she is in period costume! I must say — this really is marvellous, Ms Wright! An historical re-enactment! Professor Bleak really has gone the — 'ow you say — 'extra mile', has he not?

**MOLLY:**

But Professor Bleak didn't organize any historical re-enactments...!

**DUCHAMP:**

Look at her swinging the sword of Ethelfrid. Superb! Quite, quite superb!

CROSS BACK TO:

**29: EXT. PHYSICS DEPT [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: THE CHAOS CONTINUES.

**BARRY:**

Stand back, comrades! She's loopy!

**ELFWYN:**

You peasants! You are easy meat!

FX: SLASHING BLADE — CRY FROM STUDENT.

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, someone's going to get killed!

**DOCTOR:**

(CALLING) Elfwyn — no! You will not attack anyone here!

**ELFWYN:**

(STOPPING) What did you say?

FX: ALL FALLS QUIET.

**DOCTOR:**

I said — I demand that you leave these people alone!

**ELFWYN:**

You presume to tell a warrior princess what to do?

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, be careful —

**DOCTOR:**

Elfwyn — I mean it! Stop this at once!

**ELFWYN:**

I will not!

**DOCTOR:**

Then I defy you! I stand here — and I defy you!

**ELFWYN:**

Then prepare to die, demon master!

**END OF PART TWO**

**PART THREE**

(REPRISE:)

**DOCTOR:**

*Elfwyn – I mean it! Stop this at once!*

**ELFWYN:**

*I will not!*

**DOCTOR:**

*Then I defy you! I stand here – and I defy you!*

**ELFWYN:**

*Then prepare to die, demon master!*

**30: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: STONE SLAMS DOWN RECEIVER OF 80S-STYLE TRIMPHONE.

**TURLOUGH:**

Hold on, it's all gone quiet out there.

**STONE:**

Too late, I've called the police. Shouldn't you have gone after your friends?

FX: DOOR FLIES OPEN – BARRY STUMBLES INTO LABORATORY.

**BARRY:**

Philippa! Are you all right, love?

**STONE:**

Barry, you shouldn't be in here.

**BARRY:**

It's all gone crazy out there. Some daft woman flinging a sword about – (SEES TURLOUGH) Oh yeah? And who's this?

**TURLOUGH:**

I'm Turlough.

**STONE:**

He's been helping me. Well, sort of.

**BARRY:**

I saw you outside earlier, with that other lot.

**TURLOUGH:**

You're one of those protesters, aren't you?

**BARRY:**

Just standing up for what's fair and right. (LOOKING AROUND, WHISTLES) Yeah, and I can see where the money went. All this gear must have cost a fortune!

**STONE:**

It's top secret, Barry. You shouldn't be in here.

**BARRY:**

Why not? What have you got to hide? – Ohh, so that's it, is it?

**STONE:**

What's what?

**BARRY:**

The reason the pair of you are looking so shifty.

**TURLOUGH:**

I don't look shifty.

**STONE:**

Barry, I haven't the faintest idea what you're on about.

**BARRY:**

You're not carrying on with this public school pillock, are you, Philippa? Not him as well!

**TURLOUGH:**

What?

**STONE:**

Barry – no.

**BARRY:**

Well, what else am I supposed to think?

**STONE:**

There's only you, Bazza.

**TURLOUGH:**

Do I take it you two are having some sort of – (DISTASTE) – sordid affair?

**BARRY:**

Not that it's any of your business, Eton boy, but yeah.

**TURLOUGH:**

Brendon, actually.

**BARRY:**

Same difference.

**STONE:**

Oh, it's all such a mess.

**TURLOUGH:**

I take it the Professor didn't know?

**STONE:**

No, of course not.

**BARRY:**

Hang about – what do you mean, 'didn't'? You've not got that woman out there to – you know, do him in?

**STONE:**

What? For you? Don't be absurd.

**TURLOUGH:**

The fact is, Barry, the Professor – poor, unsuspecting cuckold that he is – got taken off to who knows where by your girlfriend's time machine.

**BARRY:**

You're kidding.

**STONE:**

Yes, thank you, Turlough. Really helpful.

**BARRY:**

Philippa, tell me he's joking. You've invented a time machine?

**STONE:**

Yes.

**BARRY:**

And... it works?

**TURLOUGH:**

Like a dream, it seems. So far she's dispatched the Professor and my friend Tegan into the mists of time.

**BARRY:**

So that mad woman outside...?

**STONE:**

Comes from the tenth century.

**BARRY:**

(LAUGHING) This is priceless!

**31: EXT. PHYSICS DEPT**

FX: ELFWYN WHIRLING SWORD ABOUT – GASPS FROM PROTESTORS.

**ELFWYN:**

Arm yourself, demon master! Or make peace with your Gods!

**NYSSA:**

Elfwyn, please. You can't do this.

**DOCTOR:**

I'll second that.

**NYSSA:**

Only the Doctor can help you. Only he can get you back to your own time!

**DOCTOR:**

And if I can, I will. I promise!

CROSS TO: A FEW FEET AWAY.

**DUCHAMP:**

(TROTting OVER) Professor Fester! Professor Fester! How are you enjoying it?

**FESTER:**

Enjoying it-?

**DUCHAMP:**

Why, the re-enactment. That one must be Queen Ethelfrid, I presume.

**FESTER:**

Ohh, it's a re-enactment! Of course, stupid of me. It's all gone a bit talky and boring, though. (CALLING OVER) Go on, girl! Kill him!

**STUDENT PROTESTORS:**

(SHUSH HIM)

**FESTER:**

It's a re-enactment, you fools! (CALLING) Do it! Hack his head off!

**STUDENT PROTESTORS:**

(ENTHUSIASTICALLY) Yeah!/ Go on!/ Do it!/ Knock his block off!

THROUGH THIS, CROSS BACK TO:

**ELFWYN:**

This is a barbaric place I find myself in.



**DOCTOR:**

Welcome to the University of Frodsham, in the twentieth century. It's Elfwyn, isn't it?

**ELFWYN:**

Princess Elfwyn.

**DOCTOR:**

(BOWING) Your highness. I am the Doctor.

**ELFWYN:**

You are a brave man to bow before me.

**NYSSA:**

Or a foolhardy one.

**ELFWYN:**

I have neither friends nor allies in this terrible land.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, now you have us.

**ELFWYN:**

Then – Doctor – I will return your courtesy. I shall trust you, I think.

**DOCTOR:**

In which case, let's get back to the lab. Nyssa, hold the doors for her highness, would you?

FX: AS DOORS SWING OPEN, CROSS BACK TO:

**STUDENT PROTESTORS:**

(GROAN, DISAPPOINTED)

**DUCHAMP:**

I think it must be finishing...

**FESTER:**

I'm not sure what was supposed to be going on. Were the students part of it?

**DUCHAMP:**

Perhaps they represented the peasantry? The... 'oi-polloi'?

FX: POLICE SIREN IN DISTANCE, APPROACHING

**FESTER:**

Oh dear. It sounds like some credulous idiot's called the police.

**32: INT. CASTLE — DUNGEON**

FX: WIND WHISTLING OUTSIDE. RATTLE OF KEYS IN CELL LOCK.

**BLEAK:**  
(DOZING)

**TEGAN:**  
(ENTERING) Professor Bleak... Bleak! Get with it, you drongo!

**BLEAK:**  
(WAKING) What's up? — Oh no. Still here.

**TEGAN:**  
Come on, it's almost dawn. We're leaving.

**BLEAK:**  
We are-? (SEEING TEGAN'S ARMOUR) What on Earth are you wearing?

**TEGAN:**  
Exactly what every well-dressed woman warrior of the tenth century ought to be wearing.

**BLEAK:**  
You certainly look the part. Are we escaping?

**TEGAN:**  
Not exactly.

**BLEAK:**  
(DISAPPOINTED) Oh.

**TEGAN:**  
You remember how Ethelfrid's only daughter disappeared with the time machine? Well, I'm standing in for her. Meet the new Princess Elfwyn.

**BLEAK:**  
Oh, good God. Why in heaven's name did you go and commit yourself to this?

**TEGAN:**  
To save your sorry hide, Bleak. So if you want me to change my mind —

**BLEAK:**  
No, no! It's just — Tegan, don't you see how insanely dangerous this is?

**TEGAN:**  
And there was me thinking it'd be a doddle.

**BLEAK:**

But if they find you out – you're dead.

**TEGAN:**

You're spoiling the fun, Prof.

**BLEAK:**

At least you're an expert on the era. Your historical knowledge might be your saving grace.

**TEGAN:**

Uh... I've got news for you. I'm no academic.

**BLEAK:**

Then what were you doing at my conference?

**TEGAN:**

I don't think that matters now, does it? Come on, you've got to get ready, as well.

**BLEAK:**

What? Why?

**TEGAN:**

I'm not leaving you alone here. You're coming to York with the Royal entourage.

**BLEAK:**

I don't think so.

**TEGAN:**

We're late already. Get a move on.

**BLEAK:**

All I want is to go home... and we can't even do that now, with the machine gone. Oh, it's hopeless! We're going to die here, before we've even been born.

**TEGAN:**

Buck up, Bleaky. You've always wanted to see history up close, haven't you?

**BLEAK:**

Not this close. Not actually taking part. I never wanted to be locked up and sleeping in filth and dressing up...

**TEGAN:**

Tough. Because that's what time travel is like.

**BLEAK:**

How would you know?

**TEGAN:**

Look, I've asked the Queen if you can be my personal servant.

**BLEAK:**

Your what?

**TEGAN:**

So you're coming on the road with us. Right now!

**33: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

**BARRY:**

Cheer up, Phils. You're a single woman, and with an invention like this – you're going to be rich!

**STONE:**

I wasn't in it for the money, Barry.

**BARRY:**

I know, money can't buy you love, love. That's where I come in, right?

**TURLOUGH:**

(REVOLTED) Oh, please.

FX: DOOR FLIES OPEN. IN HURRIES THE DOCTOR AND NYSSA – AND THE WARY ELFWYN.

**DOCTOR:**

It's all right, we're back.

**BARRY:**

Yeah, only you've brought the mad woman.

**TURLOUGH:**

Has she calmed down yet?

**ELFWYN:**

My name is Elfwyn of Mercia. Don't antagonize me, worm.

**DOCTOR:**

Dr Stone – I think we'd better do our best to get that machine of yours operational again, don't you?

**STONE:**

Hold on – who are you to go round giving me orders?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm offering you my help.

**STONE:**

I don't want it.

**NYSSA:**

You should. The Doctor knows what he's talking about.

**BARRY:**

And Philippa doesn't? Look, I don't know who you lot are, but Philippa here's managed to build something no-one else ever has

–

**STONE:**

Just leave it, Barry. I don't need you to speak up for me.

**TURLOUGH:**

That's you told, Barry.

**ELFWYN:**

Cease this prattle! I command you to return me to my rightful place... at once!

**DOCTOR:**

That's precisely what we're endeavoring to do, your highness. If we can all just work together...

**ELFWYN:**

I agreed to follow you back into this place, Doctor. You only just escaped the taste of my blade, but I can renew my threat at any moment.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, I appreciate that.

**BARRY:**

Wow – she's the real deal, isn't she?

**TURLOUGH:**

A complete and utter barbarian.

**STONE:**

I can repair the machine myself. Only I know how it operates, after all.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, I would have thought it was fairly obvious how it operates – wouldn't you, Nyssa?

**NYSSA:**

It scans an historical object, such as Ethelfrid's sword, in four dimensions, then tries to latch onto the time trace of that object?

**DOCTOR:**

Primitive, of course, but everything's more or less in the right place. –

**ELFWYN:**

Fix it! Now!

**NYSSA:**

Can you do it – Doctors? Together?

**DOCTOR/STONE:**

(TOGETHER) Yes! (BEAT) But...

**TURLOUGH:**

Here we go.

**DOCTOR:**

... It'll take several days, that's all.

**ELFWYN:**

Days?

**STONE:**

Well, probably.

**NYSSA:**

(ASIDE) Doctor, I don't think our royal friend here is prepared to wait that long.

**DOCTOR:**

(ASIDE) No. So I think the best thing all round would be if we were to (QUIETER) slip quietly back to the TARDIS... with the Princess, of course.

**STONE:**

What was that?

**NYSSA:**

We're taking Elfwyn back in the TARDIS.

**BARRY:**

The what?

**NYSSA:**

Our own time machine.

**STONE:**

Your own...?!

**DOCTOR:**

No time to discuss it now. Things to do. Your Majesty – this way, please.

**ELFWYN:**

You are very strange people.

**TURLOUGH:**

You're not wrong there.

**STONE:**

This machine of yours, Doctor. Please – you have to show me.

**DOCTOR:**

Dr Stone – you're just not ready for this, I'm afraid. And you've proved that today already. Now, I suggest you stay here and, with respect, stop interfering with things you don't understand.

**STONE:**

You patronising...!

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, that was rather rude.

**DOCTOR:**

I'm sorry, but we don't have time for niceties. Turlough, you stay here and keep an eye on Dr Stone. Make sure she doesn't complicate things further.

**TURLOUGH:**

You think she'll listen to me?

**DOCTOR:**

Princess Elfwyn – this way.

**ELFWYN:**

If you can keep your promise – very well.

FX: DOORS AS DOCTOR, NYSSA & ELFWYN EXIT.

**TURLOUGH:**

Well, Dr Stone. (SARCASTIC) Shall I make the tea again?

**STONE:**

Barry, make the tea.

**BARRY:**

What?

**STONE:**

Go on. (TO TURLOUGH) Your Doctor wasn't having us on, then, Turlough? About this 'TARDIST', or whatever he called it.

**TURLOUGH:**

No. (BEAT) Why?

**STONE:**

You know a thing or two about it, then?

**TURLOUGH:**

Well – yes...

**STONE:**

Good. Then you can help me fix my time machine, can't you?



**TURLOUGH:**

Ohh no –

FX: PROTESTERS BEGINNING CHANTING OUTSIDE, CONFRONTED BY POLICE.

**STUDENT PROTESTORS:**

(OFF) Down, down, down, down – down with the Laws of Physics!  
Two, four, six, eight – we can't afford to cogitate!

**STONE:**

Why have that lot started up again?

**BARRY:**

Hang about, I'll have a look. (FX: PULLING SLATS OF VENETIAN BLIND) Oh no. It's the fuzz!

**STONE:**

Oh, so the police turned up at last!

**BARRY:**

Yeah, and my lot don't look like they're ready to move along. I'd best go sort it out.

**TURLOUGH:**

You do that, Barry.

FX: BARRY HURRIES OUT.

**34: EXT. CASTLE**

FX: DAWN TWEETS. SNORTING OF HORSES – CLAD IN ARMOUR, READY FOR THE OFF. TEGAN AND BLEAK WALKING UP.

**BLEAK:**

I still can't believe this is happening. Yesterday I was fretting over name badges and room bookings and overhead projectors, and now –

**TEGAN:**

Shut up and saddle up.

**BLEAK:**

Me? On a horse?

**TEGAN:**

What did you expect – a coach trip? Riding's easy. I learned on my Dad's sheep farm. (2 x FX TO MATCH AS THEY BOTH MOUNT HORSES:) Look – right foot in stirrup – (EFFORT) – then push up and over – so!

FX: BLEAK'S HORSE PROTESTS.

**TEGAN:**

Steady.

**BLEAK:**

This isn't a canter around a sheep farm – we're headed into, well, a war zone!

FX: ETHELFRID AND 2 x SOLDIERS APPROACHING.

**TEGAN:**

Quiet. Here comes Ethelfrid. – Good morning, your Majesty.

**ETHELFRID:**

Good morning... daughter. (TO SOLDIERS) You men – help me up.

FX: AS SOLDIERS HELP ETHELFRID MOUNT HORSE:

**BLEAK:**

(ASIDE) Are they even going to be able to get her up on that horse?

**TEGAN:**

She looks frailer than she did last night.

**ETHELFRID:**

That may be so, but there is nothing wrong with my hearing!  
(MOUNTED NOW) And here I am. Secure on my mount. Ready to face  
my people, with my daughter by my side. (RAISING VOICE,  
RALLYING TROOPS) We ride to York!

FX: 8 x HORSES JINGLING, STAMPING – MOVING OFF, THROUGH:

**BLEAK:**

(SETTING OFF, SOTTO) Tegan, what are we doing? We're becoming  
part of history!

**TEGAN:**

(SETTING OFF, SOTTO) Yeah. But I don't see how we can stop it –  
can you?

**35: INT. TARDIS – CONTROL ROOM**

FX: TARDIS DOORS OPEN – HUMMING OF INTERIOR AND CONTROLS – AS DOCTOR, ELFWYN AND NYSSA ENTER.

**ELFWYN:**

(LOOKING AROUND) What manner of wizardry is THIS?

**DOCTOR:**

(GOING TO CONSOLE) Nyssa – could you do the honours, while I get on with setting our destination?

FX: DOORS CLOSE AFTER THEM. SWITCH FLICKING THROUGH:

**NYSSA:**

Where do I start?

**ELFWYN:**

The glowing of the walls, and the ceiling? The fact that this caravan is bigger on the inside than the out?

**NYSSA:**

(SIGHS) This might take some time.

**DOCTOR:**

(FROM CONSOLE) Your highness – you said something about Derby? A castle near Derby?

**ELFWYN:**

That is where I was magicked away from, yes.

**DOCTOR:**

You couldn't be a bit more specific, I suppose? Narrow it down a little?

**NYSSA:**

She doesn't need to. (BEAT) Your time tracer?

**DOCTOR:**

(REALISATION) My much-maligned time tracer, of course!

FX: DOCTOR FETCHING TRACER OUT OF POCKET AND PLUGGING IT INTO CONSOLE THROUGH:

**NYSSA:**

All we have to do is follow the trail of Dr Stone's machine, and it'll take us straight there.

**ELFWYN:**

What are you saying? You have found the way back?

FX: TRACER BEGINS BLEEPING. DOCTOR SETTING MORE CONTROLS.

**DOCTOR:**

Exactly! I'll just add on a few hours, to give us a margin of error on materialization. Wouldn't want to arrive before Elfwyn left. Things might get awfully complicated, awfully quick..

**NYSSA:**

Let's just hope Tegan and the Professor haven't been put to death in the interim.

**DOCTOR:**

Quite.

FX: DOCTOR BEGINS TO DEMATERIALISE SHIP.

**DOCTOR:**

Now – hold on to the console, your highness. This might be a bumpier ride than normal..

FX: TARDIS LURCHES VIOLENTLY.

**DOCTOR/NYSSA/ELFWYN:**

(ALL REEL) Who-a-a-h!

FX: TARDIS MAKING SOUNDS OF COMPLAINT AS IT SURFS THE PATH OF STONE'S MACHINE.

**36: EXT. COUNTRYSIDE**

FX: CLOPPING OF HOOVES — JANGLING OF HARNESSSES.

**TEGAN:**

(RIDING — REACHING TO HELP THE QUEEN) Ethelfrid! Your Majesty...!

**ETHELFRID:**

(WOBBLING IN SADDLE, SUDDENLY ALERT) What-?

**TEGAN:**

Sorry, it's just you looked like you were about to fall.

**ETHELFRID:**

Sleeping in the saddle is a skill I long since learned, Tegan Jovanka.

**TEGAN:**

All the same, perhaps we should find somewhere to stop, just for a bit? (HISSED) Yeah, and you need to get out of the habit of calling me that! It's hard enough keeping this cowl on, so your men-at-arms don't see.

**ETHELFRID:**

Yes, we should pause. (CALLING) Rest! Rest here!

FX: ALL HORSES STOP.

**ETHELFRID:**

(TO TEGAN) You are right, of course. You must always be Elfwyn, until the day my true daughter is returned to me.

**TEGAN:**

She better had. I'm not exactly qualified to be the queen of England.

**ETHELFRID:**

England? But this is Mercia.

**TEGAN:**

Right. So — is Mercia just the north, then?

**ETHELFRID:**

All these wayward northern lands were pulled together into union by my husband, Ethelred. (DARKER) And they were the death of him. It wore him ragged, holding the country together. All these seven years since I have stood in his stead.

**TEGAN:**

Yeah, and it's pretty impressive, a woman doing that.

**ETHELFRID:**

(SHARPLY) Why? Can women not rule in your future?

**TEGAN:**

Well, yes. All I meant was – well, these are pretty barbaric times. Bet the boys don't like it.

**ETHELFRID:**

True. My own brother, Wessex, delights in baying for my blood, and attacks our southern borders. But the real Barbarians are the Danes. (SIGHS) I hope we have freed this land of their plague...

**37: EXT. HILLTOP**

FX: BREEZE; CROWS CAWING — THEN: TARDIS MATERIALISING. PAUSE — DOORS OPEN. OUT STEP THE DOCTOR, NYSSA AND ELFWYN.

**DOCTOR:**

And here we are! Nine-eighteen A.D.!

**NYSSA:**

But where's the castle?

**DOCTOR:**

Well, the spatial coordinates might be a little off.

FX: CLOSES TARDIS DOORS

**ELFWYN:**

No, this is it. (SNIFFING) Smell the air. This is Mercia!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, it smells like any number of places. But there's less pollution, certainly.

**NYSSA:**

Actually, it smells a lot like roast pork.

FX: APPROACHING NOISE OF 4 x ROUGH DANES — STAMPING THROUGH UNDERGROWTH.

**ARTHUR:**

(OFF) Swear that sound came from over this way...

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, I hear voices!

**ELFWYN:**

Aye. Danish voices!

**DOCTOR:**

They've got an encampment down in the valley. Smoke, look.

**NYSSA:**

Roasting a pig. Ugh.

**DOCTOR:**

Of course, eventually, they'll be famous for their bacon sandwiches. Right now pillage and murder are their thing.

**ELFWYN:**

But we sent them packing! They shouldn't still be here, in Mercia!



**DOCTOR:**

This is the Vale of York. North of your battle in Derby.  
Perhaps they're still retreating...

**ELFWYN:**

(DRAWING SWORD) Then... I have one more chance to kill them!

**DOCTOR:**

What? No!

FX: 4 x DANES CRASH THROUGH TREES FROM OFF, TO FACE THEM.

**ARTHUR:**

There they are. What did I tell you, lads? Haw'way and at 'em!

**3 x DANES:**

(GEORDIE) Haw'way!

FX: ELFWYN LETS OUT A TERRIBLE WAR CRY — SHE CHARGES AT THE DANES, SWINGING HER SWORD.

**ARTHUR:**

Aye, now — who's this coming at us?

FX: SWORDS CLASHING — CRIES AND NOISE OF SUDDEN, PITCHED BATTLE BETWEEN ELFWYN AND 4 x DANES THROUGH:

**ARTHUR:**

(FIGHTING) You're outnumbered! Surrender, woman!

**ELFWYN:**

(FIGHTING) Never! Not to scum-sucking Viking filth!

**NYSSA:**

(CALLING) Elfwyn, no! There are more of them in the valley!  
You'll get us all killed!

**ARTHUR:**

(FIGHTING) 'Elfwyn'? ELFWYN?!? Then you must be —

**ELFWYN:**

(FIGHTING) The Princess of Mercia, herself! Aye, and I know you, Arthur Kettilson — (HIT IN ARM) Aaah!

FX: FIGHTING STOPS.

**DOCTOR:**

(RUNNING OVER) Elfwyn!

**NYSSA:**

(FOLLOWING) Is she all right?

**DOCTOR:**

A flesh wound – I think.

**ELFWYN:**

(TO ARTHUR) Go on then! Finish the job!

**ARTHUR:**

Oh no. You're in my power now, Elfwyn. (TO OTHERS) Do you hear that, lads? We have a Princess to play with!

**3 x DANES:**

(CHEER)

**ELFWYN:**

You filthy Danes! I'd rather you pulled out my lights than make me suffer another moment near your stink!

**DOCTOR:**

Erm, Elfwyn, it's probably best not to antagonise them...

**ELFWYN:**

Just keep out of it, wizard.

**ARTHUR:**

Wizard, did she say?

**NYSSA:**

Yes! The Doctor is a powerful wizard – and he will smite you all!

**DOCTOR:**

No, I'm not! Don't get them excited, Nyssa!

**NYSSA:**

I was only trying to help!

**DOCTOR:**

(TO DANES) Please – let us go our own way. We can't harm you. We're of no possible interest to you.

**ARTHUR:**

I think you are. (TO DANES) Seize all three of them. And I will decide what use to make of them.

**38: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: BACKGROUND HUM OF INSTRUMENTS. STUDENTS OUTSIDE STARTING TO CHANT AGAIN, AS IN SC 1 ETC.

**TURLOUGH:**

They're starting early this morning. It seems that little visit from the police didn't deter them one bit.

**STONE:**

That's all we need. Here – hold this panel down, I need to solder it back [in place.]

FX: DOOR FLIES OPEN – BARRY STORMS IN.

**BARRY:**

You're still here!

**STONE:**

Of course. We've been working all night.

**BARRY:**

You've been here all night – with him?

**TURLOUGH:**

Why are you here, Barry? Don't you have a sing-song to go to?

**BARRY:**

I came to check on my girlfriend, if that's all right with you.

**STONE:**

I'm not 'your' anything.

**TURLOUGH:**

You heard the lady, Baz. There's the door.

**BARRY:**

What's it got to do with you anyway, ginge? – Oh, I get it. You trying to muscle your way in?

**TURLOUGH:**

Hardly.

**STONE:**

As a matter of fact, Turlough's been helping me recalibrate the thermo couplings.

**BARRY:**

I'll bet he has. (LUNGING AT TURLOUGH) Come here, you!

**TURLOUGH:**

Don't be ridiculous – (FX: SMACKED IN FACE) Aah!

FX: TURLOUGH FALLS AGAINST WORKTOP — SMASHED GLASS.

**STONE:**

For heaven's sake —

**TURLOUGH:**

(NASAL) You hit me! My nose, it's bleeding!

**BARRY:**

Yeah. What you going to do about it, posh boy?

**TURLOUGH:**

Right — that's it! (RUNS AT BARRY)

**STONE:**

Turlough, no!

**TURLOUGH/BARRY:**

(BRIEF GRAPPLE)

CUT TO:

**39: EXT. DANISH ENCAMPMENT**

FX: CRACKLING OF FIRE – DISTANT CAWING OF BIRDS.

**ELFWYN:**

You should be dead, Arthur Kettilson. My mother's men should have hunted you down, and watered the soil with your blood.

**ARTHUR:**

Well, we're not, and they didn't, Princess. So, tough.

**ELFWYN:**

You won't get out of this country alive.

**ARTHUR:**

We don't want to. We're staying here.

**ELFWYN:**

Not in Mercia. Not in my mother's land.

**ARTHUR:**

That old hag isn't long for this world. We all saw the state of her. And now she's got no heir.

**ELFWYN:**

I'll be there for her, when the distant day comes.

**ARTHUR:**

But what about York, today? When she faces her people?

**ELFWYN:**

(TIED – STRUGGLING) I must be there!

**3 x DANES:**

(LAUGH)

**DOCTOR:**

I shouldn't bother struggling, Elfwyn. Take it from one who knows – these knots really are well tied.

**NYSSA:**

What did he mean? About York, today?

**ARTHUR:**

Today is the day the Queen and her daughter appear before their people at the Minster in York, in order to prove that all is well in Mercia, and that the Vikings are gone forever.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah.

**ARTHUR:**

So – just imagine the fun to be had, if those rough Vikings themselves made an appearance. Dragging with them the heiress to the Mercian throne...!

**ELFWYN:**

No...! No, you cannot!

**ARTHUR:**

That's when, in full view of all, we – I – will deliver my ultimatum.

**ELFWYN:**

What 'ultimatum', Kettilson?

**ARTHUR:**

Marry me – or die, Elfwyn. I will make you choose. Before your mother. Before your people. In the Cathedral dedicated to your God.

**ALWEN:**

(ROARING) No! You will not sully the Cathedral with your presence!

**ARTHUR:**

We Danes sully everything we touch! Didn't you know that, Princess?

**3 x DANES:**

(LAUGH UPROARIOUSLY)

**ELFWYN:**

Shut up! Shut up! Shut up!

CROSS TO:

**NYSSA:**

(ASIDE) You don't look too dismayed, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

(ASIDE) Well, at least our Mr Kettilson hasn't just killed Elfwyn out of hand. This way buys us a little time.

**NYSSA:**

(ASIDE) What's going to happen to her, in the end?

**DOCTOR:**

(ASIDE) It's round about now that Elfwyn disappears from the historical record, I believe.

**NYSSA:**

(ASIDE) Something terrible's going to happen to her – is that what you think?

**ARTHUR:**

(INTERRUPTING) That's enough of your gossiping! Now, we'd best consider what to do with this wizard and his apprentice. What do you think, lads? We got any reason to keep this pair alive?

**40: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: BLEEPING OF DEVICES. TURLOUGH AND BARRY STILL GRAPPLING — FURNITURE AND EQUIPMENT SCRAPING ON TILES AND CRASHING.

**STONE:**

Stop this now! You two are grown men...! I won't have you fighting over me...!

**BARRY:**

(GRAPPLING) Tell you what... posh boy... I've made a right Eton Mess of your nose...!

**TURLOUGH:**

(GRAPPLING) It's Brendon, you cretin! Brendon! (SHOVES BARRY)

**STONE:**

Mind the control panel-!

FX: CRASH — AS BARRY FALLS AGAINST THE CONTROL PANEL. AN OMINOUS SEQUENCE OF ELECTRONIC NOISES EMANATES FROM THE TIME MACHINE CONTROLS.

**TURLOUGH:**

Now look what you've done!

**BARRY:**

What have I done? You flamin' well shoved me!

FX: TIME MACHINE MAKING BIZARRE, ESCALATING NOISE.

**STONE:**

The time machine!

**BARRY:**

Is it meant to make that noise?

**TURLOUGH:**

No.

**STONE:**

I think it's about to go critical...!



**41: EXT. ROAD**

FX: ETHELFRID'S HORSE TROTS OVER TO WHERE TEGAN HAS STOPPED. SNORTS. BLEAK AND TWO SLOWING BEHIND ETHELFRID.

**ETHELFRID:**

What's this? Why have we stopped? We're only an hour from York!

**TEGAN:**

The men say there's an inn at the village ahead.

**BLEAK:**

(COMING TO HALT BEHIND) Hallelujah. Gin and tonic.

**TEGAN:**

Mother, you need to eat. No sense in arriving at the Minster fit to drop.

**ETHELFRID:**

You are right, of course – daughter. (SPURRING HORSE) To the village! I command it!

FX: AS SHE MOVES ON, TEGAN AND BLEAK LINGER.

**BLEAK:**

Not sure who looks rougher. Her or the horse.

**TEGAN:**

She's been running the Danes out of Mercia for months. What's your excuse?

**BLEAK:**

I'm not so sure. I think she's on the way out.

**TEGAN:**

You know something, don't you? Does something happen to her, in York?

**BLEAK:**

I don't know. No-one does. She died around the time of the rally in York. Probably.

**TEGAN:**

What, and that's it-?

**BLEAK:**

(GRIM) They're called the Dark Ages for a reason. Come on.

FX: THEIR HORSES CONTINUE ON AFTER THE OTHERS.

**42: INT. PHYSICS LAB**

FX: TIME MACHINE GOING HAYWIRE. ALL SHOUTING OVER NOISE:

**TURLOUGH:**

What's happening? Dr Stone?

**STONE:**

(FRANTICALLY ADJUSTING CONTROLS) I don't know! The control panel won't respond!

**BARRY:**

Just what is it you've you been messing around with, Philippa?

**STONE:**

Bazza, you idiot! I knew you'd bring me nothing but disaster! But I was thinking of my marriage – not the entire space/time continuum!

**TURLOUGH:**

The whole building's shaking!

FX: CRIES OF ALARM FROM PROTESTERS OUTSIDE.

**BARRY:**

My lot outside – I've got to warn them!

FX: SWIRLING VORTEX SOUND EFFECT, AS BEFORE – BUILDING THROUGH:

**STONE:**

Too late! Either this thing is about to explode, or it's about to dematerialize! Barry, Turlough, hold on to me!

**BARRY:**

No chance! I'm getting out of here!

**TURLOUGH:**

Just do as she says, or you'll end up cast adrift in the temporal wash!

**BARRY:**

I'm scared!

**STONE:**

Then hold on tight!

**TURLOUGH:**

It's dragging us back in time...!

FX: TIME MACHINE DISAPPEARS.

**43: EXT. NARROW STREET IN YORK CITY CENTRE**

FX: HORSE AND CART CLATTERING THROUGH NARROW, COBBLED LANES. ROWDY CROWDS MILLING ABOUT. A DANISH DRINKING SONG IS BEING SUNG LUSTILY BY A GANG OF DRUNKEN VIKINGS, OFF.

**VIKINGS:**

(SINGING) *The pauper drinks, the exile drinks, /  
The sick man drinks, the bad man drinks...* [ETC – SEE APPENDIX]

FX: CART TRUNDLES TO A HALT.

**ARTHUR:**

(CALLING BACK) Hear that, Elfwyn?

**ELFWYN:**

(IN CART, HORRIFIED) The Shambles of York are awash with Danes!

**ARTHUR:**

So we Vikings have gone, have we? Been sent packing with our tails between our legs, have we?

**ELFWYN:**

(DISBELIEVING) We defeated you on the fields of Derby. We watched you turn and run from us...

**ARTHUR:**

But here we are! Do we look defeated to you? What do you think, Doctor?

**DOCTOR:**

It's not what I was expecting.

**NYSSA:**

They're running amok!

**DOCTOR:**

Mr Kettilson – the cart won't get through these crowds. Might I suggest we continue on foot?

**ARTHUR:**

What? You can't spirit us to the Minster, wizard? (BEAT) Very well. (TO DANE) Olaf – let them out of the cart.

**NYSSA:**

It'd be easier if you untied us first.

**ARTHUR:**

Fair enough. But if you try to escape – be warned, I'm a champion axe-thrower, with a hatchet to bury in the backs of your heads!

AS THEIR BONDS ARE UNDONE:

**NYSSA:**

(SOTTO) Doctor, we've got to get away!

**ELFWYN:**

(SOTTO) Your woman speaks true.

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) It did occur to me that... (UNTIED, RELAXES) ... it's said that Vikings used to do this thing where they went, well, berserk.

**NYSSA:**

(SOTTO) Berserk-? (UNTIED, ALOUD) Thank you.

**ELFWYN:**

(SOTTO) Aye. A mindless rampage.

**ARTHUR:**

Now, get out! The Princess first.

FX: ELFWYN DISMOUNTS CART ONTO COBBLES.

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) I wonder if I can wrongfoot Mr Kettilson by sending him into one of these... tizzies.

**ARTHUR:**

Now you two.

**NYSSA:**

(SOTTO, DISMOUNTING CART) Is that really the best you've got?

**DOCTOR:**

(DISMOUNTING CART) Brave heart – er, Nyssa. (ALoud, TO ARTHUR) Arthur? Mr Kettilson?

**ARTHUR:**

What is it, wizard?

**DOCTOR:**

Oughtn't we stop for a drink or two? So you might get your courage up – so to speak – before we head to the Minster?

**ARTHUR:**

(SNAPPY) I don't need extra courage.

**DOCTOR:**

I think you do. Standing in front of the Queen and all her people?

**ARTHUR:**

I relish the prospect of such a confrontation.

**DOCTOR:**

Really? Only it'd be perfectly natural to feel nervous. A touch of the old stage fright.

**ARTHUR:**

(DANGEROUSLY) What are you saying? A Viking fears nothing!

**ELFWYN:**

Except the woman who forced your army to retreat!

**DOCTOR:**

What? He ran away? From a woman?

**ARTHUR:**

Have a care, wizard!

**DOCTOR:**

It's *Doctor!* Doctor – not 'wizard'! Can't you even get a simple honorific through your thick Viking skull?

**ARTHUR:**

(ROARS HUGELY – LIKE AN ENRAGED ANIMAL. OVER THIS:)

**NYSSA:**

He's gone into a kind of apoplexy!

**ELFWYN:**

(IMPRESSED) Doctor, you have driven him berserk!

**DOCTOR:**

Well, don't just stand there! Run!

FX: THEY RUN.

**44: INT. INN**

FX: HUSHED ATMOSPHERE — NOT BUSY OR ROWDY. ETHELFRID PUSHES PLATE ACROSS TABLE.

**TEGAN:**

Your majesty. You must eat something.

**ETHELFRID:**

A little ale, that's all I need.

**TEGAN:**

You have to keep your strength up.

FX: 3 x HORSES RIDING TO HALT OUTSIDE. ONE MAN DISMOUNTING, WALKING UP TO DOOR OF INN THROUGH:

**BLEAK:**

Tegan — there are people arriving outside the inn.

**TEGAN:**

How many?

**BLEAK:**

Three.

**TEGAN:**

Are they armed?

**ETHELFRID:**

Gather my men-at-arms. We should be back on the road.

**BLEAK:**

It's alright. Only one of them's coming over.

FX: LOUD BANGING ON THE DOOR OF THE INN.

**TEGAN:**

(CALLING) Who are you? What do you want?

**WESSEX (DISGUISED AS ENVOY):**

(BEHIND DOOR) I am the envoy of the Earl of Wessex.

**ETHELFRID:**

Let him enter.

FX: BLEAK OPENS DOOR — WHICH IS SHOVED OPEN BY WESSEX.

**WESSEX (DISGUISED AS ENVOY):**

(AT DOOR) Your Majesty.

**ETHELFRID:**

So. Has my brother Wessex has come north in order to help me?

**WESSEX (DISGUISED AS ENVOY):**

(WALKING FORWARD) No. He has come for quite another reason.

**ETHELFRID:**

(SUSPICIOUS) Take off your hood, Envoy. I would see your face.

**TEGAN:**

Yeah, this is a Queen you're talking to.

**WESSEX:**

(DISGUISED) Very well. (REMOVES HOOD, DROPS ENVOY VOICE) Hello, sister.

**ETHELFRID:**

You!

**TEGAN:**

What? Why's he come in disguise?

**WESSEX:**

It is easier to travel this way. But is this really my niece, Elfwyn? You have... changed since I saw you last.

**TEGAN:**

Have I?

**WESSEX:**

Well, it has been many years.

**ETHELFRID:**

Daughter, don't be afraid. My brother is surely here to help us!

**WESSEX:**

Er, not quite.

**ETHELFRID:**

What? What do you mean – not quite?

**WESSEX:**

Were I really my own envoy, the message I would deliver you is this: (ADOPTING ENVOY'S ACCENT) Your brother thanks you for all you have done in uniting the North. But he has decided you must give up your claim to the country to your betters.

**ETHELFRID:**

What? Never!

**WESSEX:**

Accede to me, sister. It is I who will appear before your people at York.

**BLEAK:**

But that's not historical!

**ETHELFRID:**

(CALLING) Guards! Guards!

**WESSEX:**

You must not resist.

**BLEAK:**

(GRABBING WESSEX) Run, you Majesty! This isn't how things should be!

**WESSEX:**

(STRUGGLING) Unhand me, servant -

**TEGAN:**

(WARNING) Watch out, Prof! He's got a knife!

FX: WESSEX STABS BLEAK BRUTALLY IN THE SIDE.

**BLEAK:**

Aaa - agghh!

FX: BLEAK CRUMPLES TO FLOOR.

**WESSEX:**

I warned you, servant.

**TEGAN:**

(RUSHING OVER) Professor Bleak!

**ETHELFRID:**

Go, brother! My country will never be yours!

**WESSEX:**

Your time is over, sister. The Lady of Mercia is as good as dead!

**END OF PART THREE**



**PART FOUR**

(REPRISE:)

**BLEAK:**

(GRABBING WESSEX) Run, you Majesty! This isn't how things should be!

**WESSEX:**

(STRUGGLING) Unhand me, servant -

**TEGAN:**

(WARNING) Watch out, Prof! He's got a knife!

FX: WESSEX STABS BLEAK BRUTALLY IN THE SIDE.

**BLEAK:**

Aaa - agghh!

FX: BLEAK CRUMPLES TO FLOOR.

**WESSEX:**

I warned you, servant.

**TEGAN:**

(RUSHING OVER) Professor Bleak!

**ETHELFRID:**

Go, brother! My country will never be yours!

**WESSEX:**

Your time is over, sister. The Lady of Mercia is as good as dead!

**45: INT. INN [CONTINUOUS]**

**TEGAN:**

Prof? Prof-?!

**BLEAK:**

(GASPING) I'm all right. I'm alive.

**WESSEX:**

He's only a servant.

**ETHELFRID:**

Where are my guards? Guards!

**TEGAN:**

It's alright - (FX: CLATTER AS SHE BRINGS UP SWORD) - my dear Uncle is leaving. Isn't that right, mush?

**WESSEX:**

What – does my niece take arms against me?

**ETHELFRID:**

Daughter... beware...

**TEGAN:**

(JABBING SWORD) Go on, get out of it! My mother rules Mercia. Not you, you (JAB) posh... (JAB) Pommie... (JAB) [INTERRUPTED BEFORE SHE CAN SAY '~~bastard~~'!]

FX: 3 x GUARDS RUNNING UP FROM OFF.

**ETHELFRID:**

At last, my guards arrive!

**WESSEX:**

(HEADING TO DOOR) Edward of Wessex will have no compunction about fighting you the next time we meet, Princess.

**TEGAN:**

I'll look forward to it.

FX: DOOR SLAMS. BEAT.

**BLEAK:**

(GASPING) What have you done now, Tegan?

**TEGAN:**

Let's take a look at that wound. (BEAT) Yeah, it's just a jab in your side. Lucky there's more than an inch to pinch there, right?

**BLEAK:**

What?

**ETHELFRID:**

Daughter, you were magnificent!

**TEGAN:**

Never mind that. Uncle Edward'll come after us. We've got to leave for York right now.

**46: EXT. STREET/ALLEY**

FX: DOCTOR, NYSSA AND ELFWYN RUNNING ON COBBLES.

**NYSSA:**

(RUNNING) Doctor, must every plan of yours end up with us running away?

**DOCTOR:**

(RUNNING) That's not true!

**ELFWYN:**

Save your breath! Here, there's an alley!

FX: ALL RUN TO STOP, CATCHING BREATH.

**NYSSA:**

Where are we even heading to?

**DOCTOR:**

Look up. The towers of the Minster. It can only be a few streets away.

**NYSSA:**

If we can make it through this rats' warren, that is.

FX: FROM OFF, BERSERK ARTHUR RUNNING TO HALT, CRYING OUT.

**ARTHUR:**

(OFF) Where are you? Doctor!!! You cowardly hound!

**ELFWYN:**

(SOTTO) There is no honour in hiding. Let me go back. I would kill Arthur Kettilson. My sword arm aches for him..

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) Just drop all of this bloodthirsty nonsense, can't you, your highness?

**ELFWYN:**

Don't talk to me like that!

FX: BELLS FROM THE MINSTER CHIMING DISTANTLY.

**DOCTOR:**

(SOTTO) Elfwyn. It's noon. The citizens of York are already thronging around the Minster, waiting to see you and your mother. We don't have time to waste brawling on the cobbles!

**ARTHUR:**

(WALKING INTO DISTANCE) Doctor...! Doctor!!! My axe longs to kiss you!!!

**ELFWYN:**

But he's so close... I could easily take him from behind!

**DOCTOR:**

No more violence! Please!

**NYSSA:**

Now's our chance. Come on, back to the main street.

FX: THEY RUN OFF.

**47: EXT. STREETS OF YORK**

FX: CROWDS THRONGING. CHATTER AND BUSTLING ON COBBLES. CLOPPING OF QUEEN'S PARTY'S 6 x HORSES.

**ETHELFRID:**

(ON HORSEBACK, SLOWING TO TROT) York City at last!

**TEGAN:**

It's bigger than I expected.

**BLEAK:**

The Minster looks amazing. Not a monument. So new.

**BYSTANDERS:**

(OFF, EXCITED, DRAWING BACK) The Queen!/ The Lady of Mercia!/  
Make way!/ Make room!

**TEGAN:**

(TO ETHELFRID) The crowds are drawing back.

**ETHELFRID:**

As well they should.

FX: CHEERS ARE STARTING UP – BUILDING IN STRENGTH AS CITIZENS NOTICE HER.

**ETHELFRID:**

(TO STOP) I am ready to face my people. We will dismount here, so that I may walk among them.

FX: SOLDIERS DISMOUNT, AND HELP ETHELFRID AND BLEAK TO DO SO.

**TEGAN:**

(DISMOUNTING) Can you manage, Prof?

**BLEAK:**

(SLOWLY DISMOUNTING – EFFORT) It hurts. You should all go on without me.

**TEGAN:**

What do expect me to do? Leave you in the gutter?

**BLEAK:**

I'm dying, Tegan.

**TEGAN:**

You've had a nasty nick, that's all.

**BLEAK:**

Back home there'd be antibiotics. But in an era like this, even the smallest wound can be fatal.

**TEGAN:**

Don't give up yet, Prof. All we have to do is get to the Minster and...

**BLEAK:**

And what then, Tegan? I know how history goes, remember. We're on the wrong side. We're doomed, love.

**TEGAN:**

If I've learned one thing in the past few years... it's that history has gaps in it. And not even clever so-and-so's like you can know everything that goes on in those gaps.

**ETHELFRID:**

(OFF) Daughter! Daughter! Come, take my hand! The people of the North must see us together, as we proceed in triumph to the Minster!

**TEGAN:**

Coming— 'mother'.

FX: THEY WALK OFF TO THE SOUND OF CHEERS. CROSS TO:

**48: EXT. YORK MINSTER**

FX: NOISY, IMPATIENT CROWDS ASSEMBLING OUTSIDE OF THE MINSTER – PALPABLE SENSE OF OCCASION AND EXCITEMENT.

**DOCTOR:**

(WALKING TO STOP) There it is, Nyssa. York Minster.

**NYSSA:**

It is impressive, for a time like this.

**DOCTOR:**

It's only sixty years old. A shadow of its future self, as it were.

**NYSSA:**

It's dedicated to one of their gods, I suppose?

**DOCTOR:**

The crowds are moving inside. Elfwyn, we need to get you to the [front] – (REALISATION: SHE'S NOT THERE) Oh!

**NYSSA:**

Doctor – she's gone!

CUT TO:

**49. EXT. STREET IN YORK**

**ARTHUR:**

So, you couldn't keep yourself away – your highness.

**ELFWYN:**

Ohh, how I long to haul your gizzards out, you arrogant pig!  
(CHARGING) Yaaaa-!

**FX:** THE CLASHING OF HER SWORD AND HIS AXE. CUT BACK TO.



**50. EXT. YORK MINSTER**

FX: CROWDS AS BEFORE.

**NYSSA:**

She must have gone back to fight Arthur Kettilson.

**DOCTOR:**

Foolish girl! Can't she see, the most important thing is to keep herself alive?

CROSS TO 20-ODD FEET AWAY:

FX: APPROACH OF QUEEN'S PARTY ON FOOT.

**BYSTANDERS:**

God save the Queen!/ God save Ethelfrid!

**TEGAN:**

What a welcome...!

**ETHELFRID:**

I never dreamed they'd be so pleased to see me.

**TEGAN:**

They certainly seem to be. (CALLING BACK) You alright there, Prof?

**BLEAK:**

It's amazing. Living history!

**TEGAN:**

Isn't it just. — (SPOTS DOCTOR) Hang on...!

**BLEAK:**

What is it?

**ETHELFRID:**

Daughter, we must proceed. What stays you?

**TEGAN:**

Over there — look! He looks so clean in the crowd.

**ETHELFRID:**

Who-?

**TEGAN:**

There's Nyssa, too! (HOLLERING) Doctor! Doctor...! (BEAT; TO ETHELFRID) Look — just wait here a moment, will you? (CHARGES OFF INTO CROWD)

**ETHELFRID:**

Daughter? Where are you going? Daughter!

**BLEAK:**

I think she's seen someone who can help us, your Majesty.

CROSS BACK TO DOCTOR & NYSSA:

**TEGAN:**

(APPROACHING, BUT STILL WELL OFF) Over here!!!

**NYSSA:**

Did you hear that?

**DOCTOR:**

I'd know that voice from a million miles away.

**NYSSA:**

(CALLING BACK) Tegan! Tegan!

**DOCTOR:**

Come on, we'll have to push our way through.

FX: DOCTOR AND NYSSA PUSHING THROUGH CROWD.

**BYSTANDERS:**

Here, watch out./ Get out of it!

**DOCTOR:**

Sorry. Really. Very sorry. -

**TEGAN:**

(COMING FROM OTHER DIRECTION) Scuse me. Scuse. Princess coming through-!

**NYSSA:**

There she is! Tegan!

FX: THEY RUN TO MEET EACH OTHER.

**TEGAN:**

Doctor! Nyssa! Oh, am I glad to see you guys!

**NYSSA:**

I can't believe it!

**DOCTOR:**

We've experienced bigger coincidences in the past, Nyssa. All the same, this is quite a good one.

**TEGAN:**

I guess York Minster is the place to be! What are you two doing here?

**NYSSA:**

The TARDIS homed in on the traces left by Dr Stone's rather primitive time machine.

**TEGAN:**

And that's how you found me?

**DOCTOR:**

Actually, given the primitive nature of Dr Stone's machine, I strongly suspect that it simply latched onto the trail that the TARDIS left when it travelled back to nine-eighteen – before we'd even set off!

**NYSSA:**

A simple paradox, yes.

**TEGAN:**

Yeah, well – you can fill me in on the details later. I've got work to do.

**NYSSA:**

Tegan, why are you all dressed up?

**ETHELFRID:**

(WELL OFF, CALLING) Daughter! Daughter!!

**DOCTOR:**

Oh no. What are you have got up to, Tegan?

**TEGAN:**

Isn't it obvious? I'm standing in for the Princess!

**DOCTOR:**

You're what?! But that's insanely dangerous.

**ETHELFRID:**

(APPROACHING THROUGH CROWD) Clear the way!

**NYSSA:**

Is that her? Queen Ethelfrid?

**BLEAK:**

(APPROACHING THROUGH CROWD) You heard the Lady!

**TEGAN:**

Oh, yeah – Professor Bleak's here, too. He's got a nasty wound.

**ETHELFRID:**

(ARRIVING) Come, daughter! I have need of you!

**DOCTOR:**

Your Majesty –

**ETHELFRID:**

Who are you?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm the Doctor, and I've come to warn you. The Danes have returned to York.

**ETHELFRID:**

They wouldn't dare!

**NYSSA:**

What's more, your daughter is with them.

**ETHELFRID:**

My daughter? But she is here, beside me!

**DOCTOR:**

Your true daughter. Princess Elfwyn.

**NYSSA:**

We've brought her back from 1983.

**TEGAN:**

Elfwyn is here?

**DOCTOR:**

She is. Or rather, was. But she's gone back to fight Arthur of the Danes – who wants to marry her or kill her, I'm not quite sure which.

**ETHELFRID:**

What-?!

**DOCTOR:**

Things do seem to have gone a little bit wrong, I'm afraid.

**ETHELFRID:**

Impetuous child. But we can delay no longer. Into the Minster, all of you! History is waiting to be made!

CUT TO:

**51: EXT. STREET**

FX: ELFWYN AND ARTHUR DOING BATTLE AS THEY TALK.

**ARTHUR:**

(SWINGING AXE) You were a fool to come back and face me, Elfwyn!

FX: SMASH OF HIS AXE AGAINST A WOODEN WALL.

**ELFWYN:**

I couldn't help myself. (SLASHES WITH SWORD)

**ARTHUR:**

(DUCKING) Ah, but it would always have come to this, even if I had forced you to marry me.

FX: BOTH PAUSE, CATCHING BREATH.

**ELFWYN:**

A battle to the death, you mean?

**ARTHUR:**

Especially then.

**ELFWYN:**

It's as well that you will never know, Danelander! (ATTACKS)

FX: SWISH OF SWORD — SCRAPE AS IT CONNECTS WITH AXE HEAD AND LOCKS IN POSITION.

**ARTHUR:**

(HOLDING HER OFF — EFFORT) My men are heading for the Minster. If your crone of a mother is there, Princess — she is doomed.

**ELFWYN:**

(PUSHING — EFFORT) Don't write off the women of Mercia so easily! —

FX: CLATTERING OF 3 x HORSES RIDING PAST, OFF.

**WESSEX:**

(ON HORSEBACK, OFF) Make way! Make way, peasants! The Earl of Wessex commands you — make way!

**ELFWYN:**

(BREAKING OFF) What?! Wessex — here?!

**ARTHUR:**

Who is this 'Wessex'?

**ELFWYN:**

My mother's brother. He comes from the south. He is the enemy of us both, Kettilson!

**ARTHUR:**

Then it is lucky that I am in the mood for battle!

**52: INT. YORK MINSTER**

FX: ECHO OF THE CATHEDRAL'S CAVERNOUS INTERIOR SPACE. MURMUR OF QUIETLY EXPECTANT CROWD. WE BEGIN AT FAR SIDE OF ALTAR:

**BLEAK:**

(WINCING) Owwww!

**DOCTOR:**

(HUSHED) Sit still while I bandage you, Bleak.

**NYSSA:**

(HUSHED) Be quiet, both of you!

**TEGAN:**

(HUSHED) Yeah, looks like Her Maj is about to make her speech!

FX: CROWD FALLS MUTE AS WE CROSS TO ETHELFRID AT ALTAR.

**ETHELFRID:**

(GRANDLY, ADDRESSING CROWD) People of York. I have journeyed north to receive your blessing. I stand before you now as your Queen – the Queen of all Mercia!

FX: CAUTIOUS CHEERS FROM CONGREGATION.

**ETHELFRID:**

I have dedicated my life to carrying on the work of my beloved husband. But now, I am at the end of my reign. I am ready – at last – to pass both my crown and my kingdom... to my daughter. To Elfwyn of Mercia!

FX: RESOUNDING CHEERS. CROSS BACK TO:

**TEGAN:**

You what?

**NYSSA:**

You weren't expecting this?

**TEGAN:**

I was just supposed to be riding shotgun.

**DOCTOR:**

Oh, Tegan, whatever have you got yourself into this time?

**BLEAK:**

But this isn't how the records go! This isn't it at all!

**ETHELFRID:**

(OFF) Elfwyn – my daughter. Please – step forth.

**DOCTOR:**

Tegan – I forbid it.

**TEGAN:**

Doctor, I promised to help her!

**DOCTOR:**

Helping her is one thing. Becoming Queen of England is quite another!

**TEGAN:**

Not England. Mercia. England hasn't actually happened yet, because [of –]

FX: THE MAIN DOORS OF THE MINSTER CRASH OPEN, OFF. CROWD GASPS.

**ETHELFRID:**

(GASPS) My brother!

**WESSEX:**

(AT DOORS) Dearest sister!

FX: CROWD MUTTERS, PERTURBED, AS WESSEX STRIDES SLOWLY DOWN NAVE, HIS GUARDS BEHIND HIM. MEANWHILE:

**TEGAN:**

... Because of him.

**BLEAK:**

At least he's not pretending to be his own envoy anymore.

**WESSEX:**

(APPROACHING ALTAR) What's this? Have you started without me?

**ETHELFRID:**

Why are you here, brother? This is my land. I forbade you to come here. I gave you Oxford as a gift, remember?

**WESSEX:**

It wasn't yours to give. You don't have anything of your own. (AT ALTAR) What are you? Just an old woman. And soon, you'll be dead.

FX: WESSEX DRAWS HIS SWORD – GASPS AND SHRIEKS OF ALARM FROM CROWD.

**WESSEX:**

You will turn over these savage northern lands to me. To the Earl of Wessex.

**ETHELFRID:**

Never!



**WESSEX:**

As your only male relation... they are already mine.

**TEGAN:**

(RUNNING TO ALTAR FROM OFF) No!!

**DOCTOR:**

(OFF) Tegan! Get back here! (BEAT) Oh, for goodness' sake –  
(FOLLOWS)

**NYSSA:**

(OFF) Doctor, no! You mustn't interfere!

**TEGAN:**

(ARRIVING AT ALTAR) Put down your sword, Uncle!

**DOCTOR:**

(JUST BEHIND HER) Please! This isn't the way!

**WESSEX:**

Who is this man?

**DOCTOR:**

I'm the Doctor. And I shouldn't really be here at all.

**WESSEX:**

Who are you – my sister's champion?

**DOCTOR:**

No, really. Really, I'm not –

FX: A COMMOTION FROM THE DIRECTION OF THE DOORS. THE DANES COME STORMING INTO THE MINSTER.

**ARTHUR:**

(AT DOORS) Looks like we're missing all the fun!

**WESSEX:**

What? Vikings-!?!

**BYSTANDERS:**

(HORROR) Vikings/ Danelanders!/ Saints preserve us!

**ETHELFRID:**

You have been banished, Danelanders! I expelled you! Begone!

**ARTHUR:**

(AT DOORS) But we came back, Your Majesty. And we've brought your daughter – look!

**ELFWYN:**

(DRAGGED INTO MINSTER) Mother – it's hopeless!

**ETHELFRID:**

Elfwyn!

**ARTHUR:**

(AT DOORS) Now then, Elfwyn – tell the people of Mercia: you will marry me, so I shall be King!

**ELFWYN:**

(AT DOORS) Never!

**ARTHUR:**

(AT DOORS) Ah well. Then it seems I must slit your throat, after all –

**ETHELFRID:**

Danelander – whoever that woman is, she is not my daughter! Elfwyn of Mercia stands beside me, here at the altar!

**ELFWYN:**

(AT DOORS) No!

**TEGAN:**

Ethelfrid – what are you doing?

**DOCTOR:**

Denouncing her real daughter as a fraud, so she might save her life.

**ETHELFRID:**

(CALLING) The woman beside you is no more Elfwyn of Mercia than a common serving maid!

FX: CROWD LAUGHS.

**ARTHUR:**

(FUMING) What? Would you mock Arthur Kettilson? (ROARING, TO DANES) Hawway and at 'em, lads!

**DANES:**

(ROAR AS THEY POUR THROUGH INTO MINISTER...)

FX: ... CARVING UP THE CROWD, SPLITTING SKULLS...

**BYSTANDERS:**

(SCREAM, DIE... ETC)

SIMULTANEOUSLY, AT ALTAR:

**TEGAN:**

It's a massacre! Doctor, what do we do now?

**DOCTOR:**

I don't know!

**WESSEX:**

My poor sister. Your enemies within and without – your daughter denounced as a fraud by your own tongue – and your false heiress at my mercy!

**ETHELFRID:**

O merciful God – forgive me!

**WESSEX:**

Not even a miracle can save you now!

FX: BANG ON CUE – HOWLING, RUSHING SOUND AS DR STONE'S TIME MACHINE MATERIALISES IN THE NAVE. CROWD & DANES FALL SILENT, STUNNED.

**BARRY:**

W-where the hell are we?

**TURLOUGH:**

Isn't it obvious, Barry?

**STONE:**

We're in the Dark Ages!

**ARTHUR:**

(APPROACHING) What devil's work is this?

**TEGAN:**

(AT ALTAR) Turlough-?!?

**DOCTOR:**

(AT ALTAR) What are you doing here?

**TURLOUGH:**

I'm sorry, is this a bad time?

**1 x LONE DANE:**

D-demons! A visitation, by demons!

**1 x LONE BYSTANDER:**

No, but these must be angels! Avenging angels!

**1 x LONE DANE:**

Whatever they are – let's get out of here! Run!!!

FX: SCREAMING, PANIC, MASS STAMPEDE OUT. THROUGH THIS, AT ALTAR:

**WESSEX:**

Is it true, sister? Would you summon up demons, to aid your cause?

**ETHELFRID:**

I don't know who these people are... even though the device that brought them here, I have seen before...

**WESSEX:**

(DRAWING SWORD) Witch queen of these savage northern lands – you must die!

FX: WESSEX RUNS THE QUEEN THROUGH.

**ETHELFRID:**

(CRIES OUT, SAGS)

**TEGAN:**

Ethelfrid-! No!!!

**ETHELFRID:**

(DYING) This is the end for me... my daughter...

**TEGAN:**

I'm not your daughter. You know I'm not.

**ETHELFRID:**

Now is your moment. You must seize your destiny. Kill him! Revenge me, and take your rightful place as Queen of Mercia! – (DIES)

**WESSEX:**

Rest now, sister.

FX: TEGAN DARTS FORWARD, WIELDING SWORD.

**TEGAN:**

You heard what she said. I'll kill you for this!

**DOCTOR:**

Tegan, no!

**WESSEX:**

(TO TEGAN) Well, what stays you?

**TEGAN:**

I... I can't do it.

**WESSEX:**

Another weak woman.

FX: HE WALKS AWAY.

**TEGAN:**

Don't you dare walk away from me!

**DOCTOR:**

Tegan, please. Come with me.

**NYSSA:**

(CALLING OVER) This way, Doctor! We have to go!

FX: THE CHAOS CONTINUES. CROSS TO:

**53. INT. YORK MINSTER – NAVE (BY TIME MACHINE) [CONTINUOUS]**

**BLEAK:**

(PUSHING THROUGH CROWDS) Philippa? Philippa, is that really you?

**STONE:**

I came back through time for you. (REALISATION) John – are you hurt!

**BARRY:**

Never mind that. You've to get us out of here, Phils!

**BLEAK:**

Why's he here?

**STONE:**

John... I'm so sorry. I cheated on you with this pathetic, idiotic boy...

**BARRY:**

Oi!

**BLEAK:**

I knew. I knew all about it.

**STONE:**

You did?

**BLEAK:**

Campus infidelities hardly seem to matter now... As it happens, the Dean's secretary – Molly – well, she's in the pudding club and I'm very much afraid... it's mine.

**STONE:**

What?

**BLEAK:**

But as we're all about to be slain or trampled underfoot in the Dark Ages, it hardly matters, does it?

**STONE:**

No, I suppose not.

**TURLOUGH:**

(SPOTTING THEM ARRIVING...) Doctor! Nyssa!

**NYSSA:**

Turlough, you made it!

**DOCTOR:**

I thought I told you to keep an eye on Dr Stone.

**TURLOUGH:**

It wasn't my fault her machine got reactivated!

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, I imagine it must have been drawn along the time trail to Ethelfrid's sword.

**NYSSA:**

Of course, because the sword was inside it when it was activated first!

**DOCTOR:**

Like a lodestone. Or a homing beacon. Or a magnet. Well, you get the general idea. Still, at least it provided a useful distraction.

**TURLOUGH:**

Was that Tegan I saw at the altar, dressed up as some warrior woman?

**DOCTOR:**

Saw? She's right – [here] (REALISATION) Well, where's she gone?

**NYSSA:**

She must have got lost in the crush. That's if she didn't go after the Earl of Wessex.

**DOCTOR:**

She wouldn't do anything so rash. (DOUBT) Would she-?

**54: EXT. YORK MINSTER**

FX: PANICKED CROWDS POURING OUT OF MINSTER. WESSEX AND MEN MOUNTING HORSES.

**WESSEX:**

Saddle up, men. We'll rout the Danelanders another day. For now, let the dead of York attest to the ruinous rule of the Queen of Mercia. I'll be their saviour yet!

**TEGAN:**

(RUNNING UP) Going somewhere, creep?

**WESSEX:**

Ah, the false heiress returns.

**TEGAN:**

You're an animal. The way you just killed her... your own sister!

**WESSEX:**

You should understand that it had to be done. This country needs to pass into my hands. Still, you may yet be of use to me. (INDICATING) Seize her, men!

FX: TWO OF WESSEX'S MEN APPROACH TEGAN.

**TEGAN:**

(FX: SWORD SHINK) Tell your goons to get back!

**WESSEX:**

(LAUGHS) You've never used a sword in your life, 'Princess'. You'll more likely wound yourself if you wave it about like [that!]

FX: SIMULTANEOUSLY – SUDDEN, NOISY APPROACH OF ARTHUR THE DANE.

**ARTHUR:**

(APPROACHING) Let her go, you dogs! The heiress of Mercia is mine!

**TEGAN:**

Oh, what now?

**WESSEX:**

Why, it's the Vikings' head man. My dear, I think he's after you...

**ARTHUR:**

Turn her over to me! I'll make her my bride!

**TEGAN:**

(WHIRLING ROUND) Get away from me, creep –



FX: ... AND ARTHUR RUNS ONTO TEGAN'S SWORD.

**ARTHUR:**  
(CRIES OUT)

**TEGAN:**  
Oh no. Sorry! Sorry!

**WESSEX:**  
Well done, 'Princess'! What a pretty wound. I did warn you to put the weapon down.

**TEGAN:**  
He ran onto it! (TO ARTHUR) I'm really sorry. I didn't mean to.

**ARTHUR:**  
(CHOKING BACK BLOOD) Marry me... Elfwyn of Mercia...

**TEGAN:**  
Is there a doctor round here? Someone medical?

**WESSEX:**  
Guards – seize the Princess.

FX: 2 x GUARDS SEIZE TEGAN.

**TEGAN:**  
(STRUGGLING) Get your goons off me!

**WESSEX:**  
I don't need an heir to the crown running around, gathering followers. Best I have you where I can keep an eye on you.

**TEGAN:**  
We can't just leave! What about the Viking?

FX: GUARD WALKS OVER TO ARTHUR...

**WESSEX:**  
Oh, my guards have the treatment he needs.

**TEGAN:**  
What-? (REALISATION) No! No!

**ARTHUR:**  
(IS STABBED – GURGLES HORRIBLY AND DIES)

**WESSEX:**  
Now – bring the Princess! We ride south!

**55: INT. YORK MINSTER – NAVE (BY TIME MACHINE)**

FX: THE LAST OF THE CROWDS EXITING THE MINSTER. MOANS OF THE WOUNDED AND DYING. BLEEPs AND BIPS FROM TIME MACHINE. ODD FIZZ OF SPARKS.

**TURLOUGH:**

Doctor, can't you get us out of here?

**DOCTOR:**

(FIDDLING WITH TIME MACHINE) That's exactly what I'm trying to do, Turlough.

**NYSSA:**

But what about Tegan?

**DOCTOR:**

(FIDDLING WITH TIME MACHINE) I'm going to sort out Tegan presently, Nyssa. But first – I have to fix up Dr Stone's errant time machine, so it can make one final, one-way trip.

**BLEAK:**

We're going back-? But –

**STONE:**

That suits me fine. I preferred the theory to all this... mess!

**BARRY:**

(TERRIFIED) Please, Doctor whoever-you-are – just get us home. Before they kill us all as demons!

**DOCTOR:**

(SNAPS) I am trying! –

**ELFWYN:**

(APPROACHING) Get out of my way! I am the true Princess of Mercia!

**TURLOUGH:**

Oh, great. That's all we need.

**NYSSA:**

Elfwyn! Over here!

**ELFWYN:**

(ARRIVING) Where is he? Where is that dog Wessex? I'll paint the streets of York red with his entrails!

**NYSSA:**

Your highness. I think you should escape while you can.

**ELFWYN:**

But I must avenge my mother!

**BLEAK:**

Nyssa's right. History says –

**NYSSA:**

(CUTTING IN) Professor Bleak, please! Elfwyn, the best you can do is live to fight another day. That's how you can honour your mother.

**ELFWYN:**

My poor, dear mother.

**NYSSA:**

Her story is done now. You must pick up the threads.

FX: CHIRUPPING FROM TIME MACHINE. HUM OF POWER.

**DOCTOR:**

There! I think I've done it.

**BARRY:**

Skill!

**DOCTOR:**

I don't like to brag, but, er – yes, rather. Now – the machine can only safely transport three people back to 1983, it'll burn out after that. So – Barry, Dr Stone, Professor Bleak, if you'd like to join hands...? The rest of us can make our own way back.

**STONE:**

Come on, John.

**BLEAK:**

No, I think I should stay.

**STONE:**

You're not serious.

**BLEAK:**

Dr Jovanka is missing. The Doctor here will need an expert in this era, if he's going to track her down.

**NYSSA:**

That would be helpful, Doctor.

**DOCTOR:**

In which case – Turlough, join hands with Barry and Dr Stone. The more bodies back in 1983, the better.

**TURLOUGH:**

Fine by me. One primitive backwater's much the same as another.

**DOCTOR:**

(ASIDE) And please – make sure this machine of Dr Stone's really is put out of use, this time. (ALOUD) Now, are you all ready?

**BARRY:**

Ready, Doctor.

**BLEAK:**

Goodbye, Philippa.

**STONE:**

Good luck, John.

FX: DOCTOR ACTIVATES TIME MACHINE CONTROLS, SENDING TURLOUGH, BARRY AND STONE SPINNING FORWARD THROUGH TIME.

**DOCTOR:**

See you all in 1983.

**NYSSA:**

Now can we rescue Tegan?

**56: EXT. HILLTOP (BY TARDIS)**

FX: LONG FADE UP. EVENING CROWS CAWING. DOCTOR & NYSSA ARRIVING AT TARDIS; ELFWYN AND BLEAK TRUDGING WEARILY BEHIND.

**DOCTOR:**

At last, the TARDIS!

FX: UNLOCKING DOOR.

**NYSSA:**

Doctor, should we be leaving so soon? Those witnesses we met, who said they saw the Earl of Wessex taking the Princess away – if they were right, Tegan might not be so very far from here.

**DOCTOR:**

We can't scour the whole of Mercia, Nyssa. No, I think Professor Bleak can better help us find her from here.

**NYSSA:**

I hope so.

FX: THEY ENTER TARDIS. JUST BEHIND:

**BLEAK:**

Come on, Elfwyn!

**ELFWYN:**

I was just looking at the country. The hills. My mother thought all of it was hers. And that one day, it would become mine.

**BLEAK:**

Mercia is gone. Swept away. Hard to believe, looking at the land.

**ELFWYN:**

And you know this because you come from the future.

**BLEAK:**

Yes.

**ELFWYN:**

Both my parents struggled all their lives to protect it.

**BLEAK:**

It was worth it. Edward of Wessex isn't such a disaster, you know. He unites North with South. The whole country.

**ELFWYN:**

He is a murdering dog.

**BLEAK:**

In the end we get England.

**ELFWYN:**

Is that such a good thing?

**BLEAK:**

Some would say so. Come on, the Doctor is waiting.

FX: THEY WALK OFF INTO:

**57: INT. TARDIS CONTROL ROOM [CONTINUOUS]**

FX: DOCTOR BLEEPING CONTROLS AS BLEAK AND ELFWYN ENTER. DOORS CLOSING BEHIND THEM.

**DOCTOR:**

Ah! Good, you're both here. Professor Bleak – I need you to help me pin-point a particular set of co-ordinates.

**BLEAK:**

Yes, but how?

FX: ACTIVATING TARDIS DATA BANKS. UNSPOOLING OF ENDLESS, HOLOGRAPHIC HISTORICAL DATA ON SCANNER.

**DOCTOR:**

Look up on the scanner. The TARDIS' own data banks should contain all the material you need.

**BLEAK:**

I don't know what I'm looking at... but it's fascinating...

**ELFWYN:**

All I can see is a blur of light – it means nothing.

**NYSSA:**

It's the history of everything. More or less.

**BLEAK:**

This is priceless.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes. I don't let many look into these files. Don't see anything you shouldn't.

**BLEAK:**

To a historian... this is like the Holy Grail.

**DOCTOR:**

All I need to know about is Elfwyn, Professor Bleak. Find me her first appearance in recorded history after the events at the Minster.

**BLEAK:**

Before she slips into obscurity, you mean.

**ELFWYN:**

I am killed, then? Are you going to find my death?

**DOCTOR:**

Not necessarily. It doesn't have to mean that. (BEAT) I need a time and date, Professor. Something indisputable.

**BLEAK:**

Yes... look. There's something here. See?



**58: EXT. NUNNERY GARDENS — OXFORD**

FX: FADE UP BIRDSONG AND PLAINSONG, OFF. BEES HUMMING. PEACEFULNESS SHATTERED BY TARDIS MATERIALISATION. DOOR FLIES OPEN AND FOUR STEP OUTSIDE.

**NYSSA:**

This is it? July nine-eighteen, A.D.?

**DOCTOR:**

Not far from Oxford, yes.

**BLEAK:**

I was at Oxford. I don't like to show off about it, though.

FX: DOCTOR CLOSES TARDIS DOOR BEHIND THEM.

**ELFWYN:**

But... I know this place! It is a nunnery. When my mother gave my uncle the town of Oxford as a sop... I was here with the sisters, as a child. It was the most peaceful place I ever knew.

**NYSSA:**

These are beautiful gardens.

**DOCTOR:**

This way, I think. —

FX: ALL WALK.

**BLEAK:**

This is where Wessex has placed you, your highness.

**ELFWYN:**

I am a nun?

**BLEAK:**

It's how you chose to spend the remainder of your days.

**NYSSA:**

It almost reminds me of Traken...

FX: AS THEY APPROACH, FADE UP BRUTAL PRUNING OF ROSES.

**DOCTOR:**

Aha. Look over there.

**BLEAK:**

Oh yes. In that rather impressive wimple.

**NYSSA:**

I've never seen her gardening before.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, she does seem to be deadheading those roses rather savagely.

**NYSSA:**

(CALLING) Tegan? Oh, Tegan...?

FX: TEGAN WHIRLS ABOUT IN HER STIFF ROBES — DROPS SHEARS WITH A CLATTER.

**TEGAN:**

(OFF) You lot! At last! (RUNNING OVER) Do you have any idea what I've been through?

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, sorry about the delay. This was the first fixed point we could find you.

**NYSSA:**

But we're here now. Elfwyn is ready to take your place.

**ELFWYN:**

What-? But —

**BLEAK:**

Please, think about it.

**TEGAN:**

I was dumped in a nunnery!

**DOCTOR:**

I knew you'd be safe in the end.

**TEGAN:**

Just get me away from here.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, we have an appointment. Elfwyn — will you stay?

**ELFWYN:**

Here, away from the horrors of this coming England... yes, here I think I could again be content.

**TEGAN:**

Oh! So you're Elfwyn-?

**ELFWYN:**

That's right.

**TEGAN:**

The Princess. You're the woman I've been trying to be...!

**ELFWYN:**

We were both trying to become the Lady of Mercia, I think. For the sake of my mother.

**TEGAN:**

It was worth trying, though. She was quite a woman.

**ELFWYN:**

She was. I wish... I wish I could have been with her, properly, at the end.

**TEGAN:**

Well, she loved you very much. And she knew you loved her too.

**ELFWYN:**

Thank you, Tegan.

**TEGAN:**

I guess now we can both stop being woman warriors, can't we?

**ELFWYN:**

This land no longer needs a Lady of Mercia. But perhaps we can still be woman warriors every now and then, do you think?

**TEGAN:**

When we need to be, yes!

**59: EXT. CAMPUS – DUCKPOND**

FX: FADE UP. BBQ IN PROGRESS – GENIAL CHATTER – DISTANT, AGGRIEVED DUCKS – CRACKLE OF BBQ – TINNY MUSIC. TARDIS MATERIALISES, DOOR OPENS, 5 STEP OUT, DOOR CLOSES.

**NYSSA:**

This doesn't look quite right.

**DOCTOR:**

What's the matter?

**NYSSA:**

Are you sure this isn't still the Dark Ages?

**BLEAK:**

Oh no, my dear. It's the barbecue on the final night of the conference.

**TEGAN:**

Down at the duck pond again! Well, Prof – you're home.

**BLEAK:**

I've managed to miss almost all of my own conference. And look at the state of me! I look like I've been dragged through the Tenth Century backwards.

FX: RUNNING FOOTSTEPS.

**MOLLY:**

Professor Bleak...! John! You're back!

**BLEAK:**

Ah, hello, Molly! You won't believe what's been going on...!

**MOLLY:**

Never mind that. John – it's your wife. She knows all about us...!

**BLEAK:**

Yes, I suppose it's time to face the music.

FX: MORE HURRIED FOOTSTEPS APPROACH – STONE AND TURLOUGH.

**STONE:**

John – you're here!

**BLEAK:**

As you see.

**TEGAN:**

I see you're safe and sound, Turlough.

**TURLOUGH:**

We've been back two whole days. What kept you?

**NYSSA:**

We had to rescue Tegan from being something called a nun.

**TURLOUGH:**

(LAUGHING) What?!

**TEGAN:**

Yeah, you didn't have to tell him..

**DOCTOR:**

Dr Stone – I take it you've disassembled your wayward invention?

**STONE:**

It lasted long enough to get us here and then it just imploded. Exactly as you intended, I imagine.

**DOCTOR:**

Well, once we're gone there'll be no time trail to latch onto. So please, don't try again.

**BLEAK:**

Well, the, er, barbecue smells rather good.

**NYSSA:**

Roast pig. No, thank you.

**TEGAN:**

Before you go, Prof – (FX: CLATTER) I suppose you'd better have this back?

**BLEAK:**

Ethelfrid's sword, of course!

**TEGAN:**

I don't want to see the awful thing ever again.

**MOLLY:**

Don't you think we ought to get that back safely under glass?

**BLEAK:**

Yes, yes, you're right. Well, er – goodbye, Tegan.

**STONE:**

Goodbye, Doctor. (ARCH, BIT HUSKY) Turlough.

**TURLOUGH:**

(BLUSHING, AWKWARD) Yes, goodbye – Philippa.

FX: BLEAK, MOLLY AND STONE ALL WALK OFF.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, well – I'm sure the University will be glad to have the sword back.

**TEGAN:**

They can keep it. I swear that thing's cursed. I knew it was trouble the second I first clapped eyes on it.

**DOCTOR:**

It does seem to have been the locus of some extraordinary events. I wonder – perhaps you've picked up a little time sensitivity, through all your travels?

**TEGAN:**

I hurt someone with that sword, Doctor. He just flung himself at me, and before I had time to think...

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, I know.

**TEGAN:**

I've never done anything like that before.

**DOCTOR:**

History has a way of making us do things. Sometimes things we'd rather not.

**TURLOUGH:**

Can we leave now?

FX: DOCTOR UNLOCKS AND OPENS THE TARDIS DOOR.

**DOCTOR:**

Yes, of course. You know, I do enjoy being in the North of England. But there always seems to be some sort of bother.

**NYSSA:**

It is a very unruly place.

**DOCTOR:**

Come on. Inside the TARDIS.

**TEGAN:**

(WALKING IN) Where's next?

**TURLOUGH:**

(WALKING IN) Let's find out, shall we?

FX: DOOR SHUTS. BEAT. TARDIS DEMATERIALISES.

**THE END**

**APPENDIX:**

**DANISH DRINKING SONG – see SCENE 43**

**VIKINGS:**

*The pauper drinks, the exile drinks,  
The sick man drinks, the bad man drinks,  
The brother drinks, the sister drinks,  
The granny drinks and so does the granddad*

*The mother drinks, the father drinks,  
The soldier drinks, the Viking drinks,  
The townsfolk drinks, the scholar drinks,  
The stranger drinks and so do his assistants*

*The fool drinks, the wise man drinks,  
The southerner drinks, the northerner drinks,  
The Doctor drinks, the Master drinks,  
The bishop drinks and so does the Pope*

*The sluggard drinks, the stay-a-bed drinks,  
The monks all drink, the nuns all drink,  
The wild man drinks, the mad woman drinks,  
That man over there drinks and so does she.*

*Everyone's drinking in their hundreds, their thousands,  
Because these are quite tricky times,  
It's like that round here, so what's your poison?  
Everyone's having a proper boozy do.*